

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

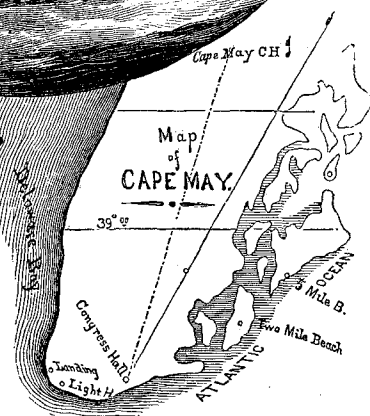
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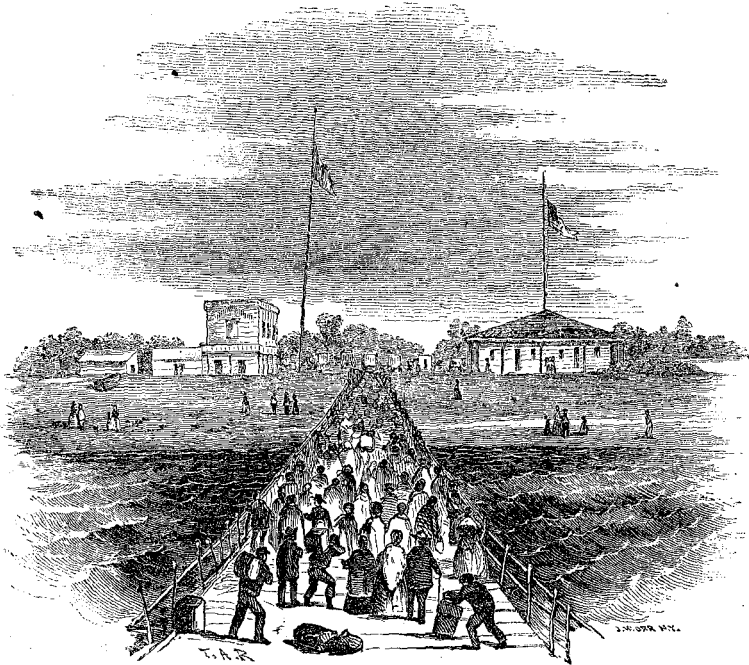
RICHARDSON, N.C.
CAPE MAY
 By
 T. ADDISON RICHARDS.



TO come at once 'to the point,' good reader, we beg to call your attention to the wee bit map which forms the tail of our frontispiece. This map we have taken from 'actual survey'—of the performance of competent topographers. It represents the fag-end of the renowned

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STEAMER LANDING.

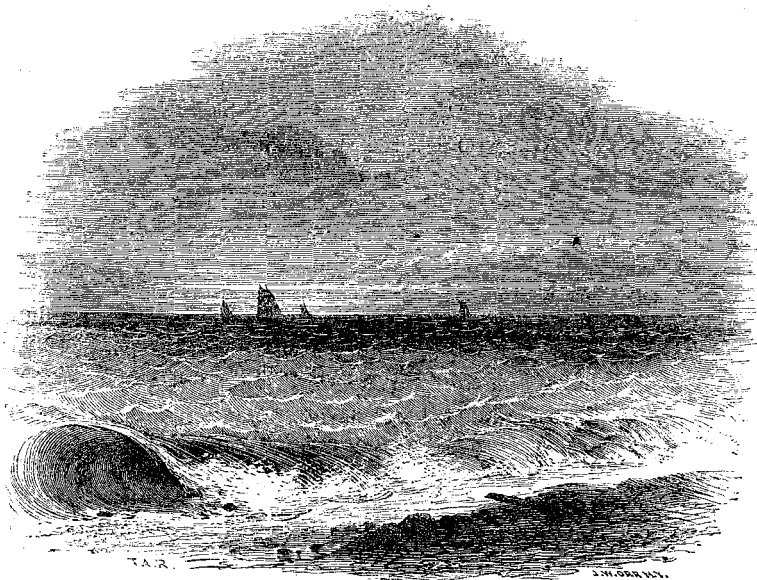
State of New-Jersey — that extreme southern point, at which the waters of the great Delaware Bay and of the greater Atlantic shake their briny hands. Now, taking into consideration the very patent fact that New-Jersey is not in proverbial estimation the latitude of all others to which a well-posted guide might be expected to direct his tourist, it may be a matter of surprise that we should not only bid him to the very region, but even to the littlest end thereof. We do so bid him, and we do it boldly, like General Jackson 'taking the responsibility,' in our firm conviction that the result will prove us to know exactly what we are about. This question we consider, indeed, to be at once settled, with the bare intimation that the neighborhood of which we are speaking is none other than that most charming of ocean summer resorts and watering-places, that famous refuge from the heat and dust of the weary city — the beach at Cape May.

The country here is, we admit at the start, as flat as any flounder in the sea, and as destitute of all attraction of changing hill and dale and forest glade as a low, sandy coast is apt to be; but it has yet most marvellous natural beauties of its own, in the possession of which, other characteristics may, for a change at least, well be spared.

Once upon a time, when waiting upon a forlorn mountain-top for the

gracious permission of the all-obscuring fog, to view the reputed wonders of valley and lake below, we amused ourself with the pages of the 'Traveller's Album,' treasured in the little hostelry hard by. After following many famous and familiar pens, through long notes and short notes, up and down the gamut of feeling, we brought up abruptly at this staccato 'utterance' of a distinguished oriental philosopher, expressed and signed in his own legible hand, if not legible rhetoric. Thus wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson of the magnificent panorama, over-looked by the hard-reached crown of Red Hill in New-Hampshire. 'The most famous views are often seen from the most foolish places.' So, 'foolish' as the sandy plains of our beloved Cape may seem to thee, O tourist! you cannot fail to love the land for the glorious spectacle of ever-varying sky and never-resting sea with which it will bless your eye and heart. Thus much æsthetically: in the lesser pleasures of the Cape, in out-of-door fun and frolic, in drawing-room diversion and delight, and in the solemn article of creature comfort and consolation, in its most protean aspect, there is no shadow of 'foolishness' whatsoever.

Just two and a half centuries ago, that is, in August, 1609, when the Dutch were occupied in greater enterprises than in the taking of Holland, a worthy navigator in their busy employ, none other, indeed, than the renowned Hendrik Hudson, sailed down the Atlantic coast in his immortal craft, the *Half-Moon*, and passing Cape May, entered



LOOKING SEAWARD.

the waters of Delaware Bay. He was frightened off, however, by shoals and sand-bars, and put incontinently back to sea. There we leave him, for he had nothing more to do hereabouts, his laurels having been already planted far to the northward, on the grand shores of the Hudson. Fourteen years later than the time of this visit, there came to Cape May another Dutch skipper, who was not to be bluffed off by such obstructions as shoal and sand-bar, but who, despite them all, doubled the redoubtable Cape, entered the unknown waters of the Delaware, and explored the wild shores as far as the site of the present city of Philadelphia. This second Dutchman was the man who took the Cape for 'their High Mightinesses' and took to it for himself, explored it, and stood god-father to it, a god-fathership which remains to this day, with only slight orthographical change. His name was Mey — Cornelius Jacobsee Mey. He built Fort Nassau hereabout, of which both the sight and site have, however, long been missing.

Often, as we have lounged in evening reverie, upon the broad piazza or the verdant lawn of Congress Hall, looking far out to sea, where the mystic moon-beams were kissing the more mysterious waves, have we thought of thee, O worthy Jacobsee! seeing in fancy thy phantom barque darkening the far-off horizon, and wishing that we could send out to thee one of the illustrious pilots of thy beloved Cape, to bid thee now ashore to witness the changes which time has wrought since thy distant visit! To show thee how the great forest has been swept away by the tide of civilization which thou thyself so much helped to roll upon the shore; to show thee how the simple wigwam of the savage has been supplanted by the sumptuous palace, and how the red man himself has given place to the lord and the lady of thine own race. What, O revered skipper! (why is not his statue in your midst, ye godless Cape Islanders?) what would you think of the scenes ashore of the present day, or what of the more strange scenes afloat; of the marvellous spectacle of the great steamers of the Cape, puffing their nightly way to and from the distant city, in spite of all winds and weathers whatever!

Looking yet further into the early chronicles of our theme, we find that eight years after the call of the great explorer, that is, in 1631, there came to Cape May a third adventurer. This was David Pieter-son de Vries. He landed at Cape Henlopen, thirteen miles south south-west of Cape May, on the east coast of Delaware. Here he planted a colony which, upon a re-visit the following year, he found to have wholly vanished under the murderous hatchets of the Indians. Thus, up to this period, twenty years after the discovery of the Delaware by Hudson, not a single European remained upon its shores. At this time, and long afterwards, the whale-fishery was very success-

fully prosecuted here, though the trade passed away many generations ago. De Vries, in his journal, says: 'March 29th, 1633—found that our people had caught seven whales. We could have done more if we had had good harpoons, for they struck seventeen fish and only secured seven.'



THE BEACH—LOOKING SOUTH.

On the fifth of May, 1630, a purchase of sixteen square miles was made at Cape May of nine of the resident chiefs, by Peter Heyser, skipper of the ship 'Whale,' in behalf of the Dutch West-India Company. This was the first recorded purchase within the limits of the State.

In 1641 the Cape region was again bought by Swedish agents, a short time before the arrival of the Swedish Governor Printz at Tinicum.

We have no reliable record of the vicinage being inhabited by whites at an earlier period than 1685, though Mr. Benedict, in his 'History of the Baptists,' speaks of the foundation of a church being laid there in 1675, upon the alleged arrival of a company of emigrants

from England. The remotest church chronicles do not go further back than 1711. The reader, familiar with the profound history of the learned Diedrich Knickerbocker, knows already how the valiant Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of the New-Netherlands, ascended the Delaware in 1654 with his seven ships and seven hundred men, and forever extinguished, with astounding daring, the spark of Swedish power which, as we have intimated, had been very early ignited there.

In Plantagenet's New Albion, dated 1648, (see Philadelphia Library.) Master Evelyn's letter says: 'On the North side (of Cape May) about five miles within, is a port or rode for any ships, called the Nook. I saw there an infinite quantity of bustards, swans, geese, and fowls, covering the shores, as within the like multitude of pigeons and store of turkeys, of which I tried one to weigh forty and six pounds. There is much variety and plenty of delicate fresh and sea-fish, and shell-fish and whales and grampus, elks, deere, that bring three young at a time.'

The whales, as we have said, are gone; so too, are the 'deere,' with their multitudinous young; and also, remember it, expectant sportsman, the pigeons, and all the forty-and-a-half pound turkeys. But the 'delicate fresh and sea-fish and shell-fish,' they are still there, in every appetizing variety, as abundant, yea, more abundant than in the days of the voracious Master Evelyn. Where else can you find such crabs, such blue-fish and black-fish, such rock and sheeps-head and flounders and perch and porgy, such drum and cod and herring, each and all in their season; and *such* oysters, which have '*all* seasons for their own.' 'A dozen on the half-shell' here, means something. It would be a serious matter even to a Manhattan alderman. If you love the royal bivalve, O reader! go to Cape May, and come away when you can manage so to persuade your steps. Had the 'first oyster' been eaten under the alluring circumstances of the shell-life of the Cape, we should not share our hero-worshipping friend Sparrowgrass's admiration of that daring feat. One might eat such oysters from mere instinct.

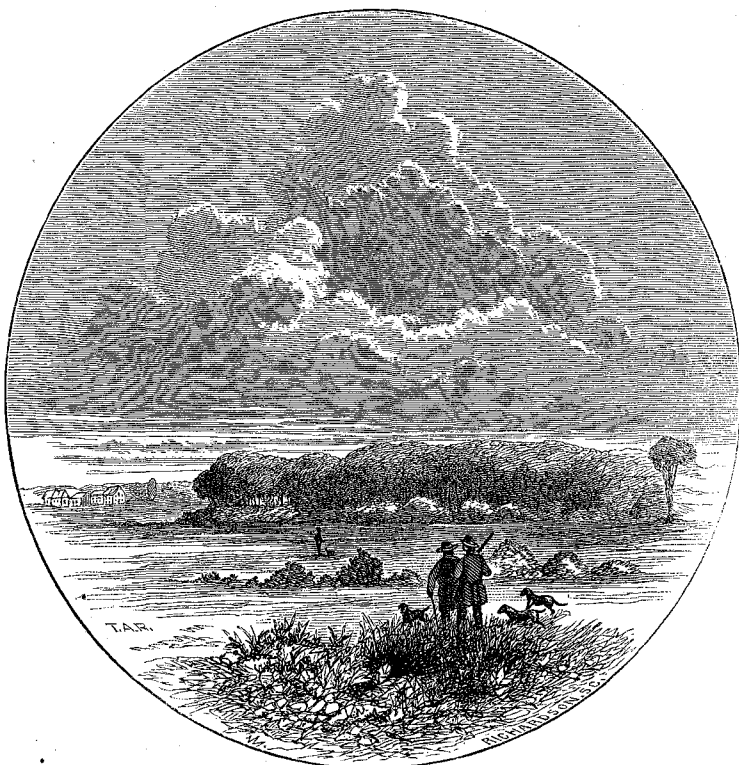
Here we leave the ancient chronicle, since it goes on to discourse only of the purchase and settlement of this and that tract; of the establishment of county courts; of the farming and trading operations of the early settlers, and of their little trials and successes; interesting reminiscence, enough, no doubt, to their admiring descendants, but of only moderate attraction to us just now. We add, briefly, that no incidents of the Revolution or of later national history are very vividly recalled to mind here; the chronicles of the vicinage being noteworthy only at the beginning and the end—the period of which we have spoken, of the early discovery and settlement, and the more recently acquired character as a popular summer resort. Enough, then, of the Cape of Jacobsee, the ancient explorer, and now for that of the modern tourist and pleasure-seeker.



THE BEACH, NORTH—LANDING A PILOT.

The popular impression of the physical aspect of New-Jersey is not of the most reverent sort. This, though natural enough, is in a great degree erroneous and uninformed. It chances, unluckily, for the State credit in this respect, that the most occupied, most traversed and best known sections, have but little variety of surface, while all the country yet below, to our Cape, at the extremity of the peninsular, is flat and monotonous in the extreme. To the North, however, the land gradually rises into picturesque variety of form, and at last, into bold mountain ridges, as the Blue Hills step downward upon the plains from the north-western corner, and the Highlands of the Hudson from the east, though the said Highlands (it may be hinted in parenthesis) turn their backs upon their native land and look most lovingly away upon the face of the Hudson and the adjacent shores of the Empire State. Ungrateful and most traitorous Palisades! All this part of New-Jersey is rich in hill and valley, forest, lake and water-fall, and at many points, as at Budd's Lake and Greenwood Lake, and Schooley's Mountain, is much sought in summer-time, for its landscape charms and its amulets of health.

The lower point of New-Jersey, with which we have now more particularly to do, is politically called Cape May county. The soil is chiefly of alluvial formation. Some portions of the surface present great stretches of salt marsh, and others of dense cedar swamp, in which there lies buried beneath the living forest, another and yet sound



LOOKING INLAND.

one, though supposed to be almost as old as the pyramids. Immense trees have been disinterred here, bearing upon their bodies no less than two thousand annual rings. These forest catacombs have been for a long time, and are still industriously exploited for commercial use. The old mummies are exhumed in great numbers, when they are sawed and split into excellent shingles. The workman, in quest of the buried log, pokes about in the mud with an iron rod. When he happens to strike a subject, he then, by repeated trials, determines its direction, size, and length; afterwards he contrives to bring up a sample in the shape of a chip of the old block, by the smell of which he satisfies himself of its worth. The log is then loosened and floated to the surface, when it is divided into proper lengths and duly split for

market. It is said that for some years past as many as six hundred thousand shingles have been annually sent from one point alone (Dennisville) of a total market value of nine thousand dollars. Two hundred thousand white cedar rails, worth from eight to ten dollars per hundred, have been prepared at the same place in one year. The Cedar Swamp Creek, which runs into Tuckahoe River and Dennis Creek, emptying into Delaware Bay, rise in the same swamp, and the entire length of the two streams, a stretch of seventeen miles, is one unchanging mass of cedar. These swamp districts are among the curious features of the Cape May neighborhood, and may very profitably be made the end of a day's excursion from the beach.

Having reduced our text to the area within the bounds of the county, we now contract it yet further in coming directly to the *city* of the Cape. We speak literally, for it is a city, and not a village or a town merely, at which the traveller will land when he debarks at Cape May. We mention the fact for fear that it may not in all cases suggest itself. In area, to be sure, the municipality is ample enough, embracing the whole point of the peninsula, several miles in length; but not much can be said of the population, which, all told, certainly cannot exceed five hundred souls. In this census we speak, of course, of the permanent residents only, and not of the summer visitants. These may, in their season, be counted not by hundreds but by thousands; and with their help and that of the dozen or twenty imposing hotel edifices, and the infinite tail of restaurants, barber-shops, ice-cream saloons, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, pistol-galleries, bathing-houses, and temporary houses of all names—the little city really grows metropolitan in aspect; and the ‘gas-works’ and the ‘mayor’s office,’ which at other times seem to have been sent there merely on storage, now appear quite in place. The numerous churches, also, are explained by the arrival of the special summer population. Without it, the stranger might be led to an over-estimate of the godliness of the Cape, or to an injurious opinion of the brotherly feeling of the people. So many churches, he would wonder, for so small a community! and of such varying faiths, too! from the cross-crowned Catholic, to Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist, and we forget how many others. The city is seen in very impressive guise as approached on the Atlantic side. The great hotels—and indeed the whole town, churches and all—standing close upon or not far removed from the shore, present a bold front, and greatly surprise the unexpected voyager as he sails. Near as we seem to be to our destination when thus gazing upon the shore, we find that we have yet to travel far on, beyond the city under our nose, even to the opposite side of the Cape, before we can land, and then ride two or three miles on terra firma to our hotel. This, however, is easily done by the help of the

liberal provision of Jersey wagons which await our use as we gain the shore end of the long wooden pier. In one of our pictures the traveller will see how and where he is to land at the Cape, come he whence he may—from the sea or down the bay. Of course the landing, remote as it is from the town, is a busy and gay-looking place at the hours of the arrival and departure of the steamers—morning and evening.

It may be well to advise the visitor, before we forget it, that the post-office designation of our watering-place is 'Cape Island'—and not Cape May. The latter title belongs to the county capital. Letters to journey direct should be addressed, accordingly, to '*Cape Island*;' not forgetting the concluding 'N. J.' Having now landed our traveller safely at the Cape, and put him into the ubiquitous Jersey wagon, (at a cost to him of twenty-five cents,) and seen him fairly *en route* over the remaining two miles and a half of easy land-passage, we will set him down comfortably at his hotel, and then help as we may be able to the agreeable outlay of his time—and money, of course.

He will have no difficulty in finding excellent accommodation of bed and board, unless he come, perchance, in the height of a very crowded season; in which case he will, like all reasonable men under such circumstances, spread himself with happy heroism upon the floor of the piazza, or in the hospitable shelter of a bathing box. It would be useless to undertake a *catalogue raisonnée* of the Cape hotels and boarding-houses. Their name is Legion. Suffice it to indicate a few of the leading establishments, as, for example, Congress Hall, the Atlantic and the Columbia Hotels, and the United States and National. These are all large structures, conveniently appointed in the matter of rooms, and provided in the way of tables, servants, cellars, and all et ceteras, in a style fully equal to that of the best first-class houses, either of country or city, any where in the land. Most of them are large enough to provide comfortably for four or five hundred guests each. Generally speaking, the apartments are of sufficient size, suitably furnished, and admirably ventilated, with liberal exposure to the fresh air without, either landward or seaward. Besides the houses we have mentioned, there are numerous others, into which the visitor will be content to get if he cannot do better, and which, indeed, he may even select from the entire list.

The largest and most elegant of all the hotels, and the one most pleasantly and conveniently situated for the picture of the great sea, and for beach and bathing privileges, is Congress Hall. It stands in imposing proportions near the edge of the noble beach, or separated therefrom only by the pleasant lawn, over which the guest steps from the interminable piazza to his bathing-house and the rolling surf. Nothing of the kind could be more agreeably arranged. In the more

recently built part of the house there is a beautiful parlor, of elegant architectural adornment, and a grand arched dining-hall, forty-five feet in width and two hundred feet long. This superb apartment would be an object of admiring remark in much larger cities than that of Cape Island.

For such 'entertainment' as we have here guaranteed, the guest must expect the customary 'little account' to be presented as a souve-



A CEDAR SWAMP.

nir of adieu. We are sorry to have to mention such matters, but they have their importance—amounting to no less than a quarter eagle per day, or fourteen dollars per week. If this figure is not high enough,

extend it at your pleasure by the abundant means always duly made and provided for such emergencies.

For pastime by day, you may drive for miles at a stretch upon the beautiful beach, or you may turn your horses' heads inland, and seek the groves of Cold Spring, a favorite resort of the Cape May people and their guests; or you may go a-crabbing in the neighboring inlets, or a-fishing on the open sea; or you may make up your yachting party, and push up the bay, or over to the opposite shore of Cape Henlopen. If this programme should prove to be too stirring, then there remains, at home, the billiard-room and the bowling-alley. We must not overlook, here, the always pleasurable periodical excitement of the arrival and departure of guests and mails. Though these events transpire every morning and evening, yet are they ever fresh and new to all. For evening pleasure, there is the moonlight stroll by the side of the solemn sea; or the gay whirl of the merry dance in the thronged and brilliant drawing-rooms; and in each situation ample food for philosophic musing or for sentimental confidence. Many, no doubt, are the high inspirations which have been born of the sublimer aspects of Nature here, and many the gentle feelings which her sweeter moods have called forth; epic and lyric grow alike under the charm of the never-changing yet ever-varying Sea. What heart is untouched by the multitudinous voice of its mysterious waters? to what passion, aspiration, thought, emotion, sentiment, hope, fear, does it not give sympathy and fellowship? Who has ever looked day by day and night by night, in sunshine and in storm, upon the wondrous face of old Ocean, without humbly confessing its power and majesty, and rejoicing in its supreme greatness and glory?

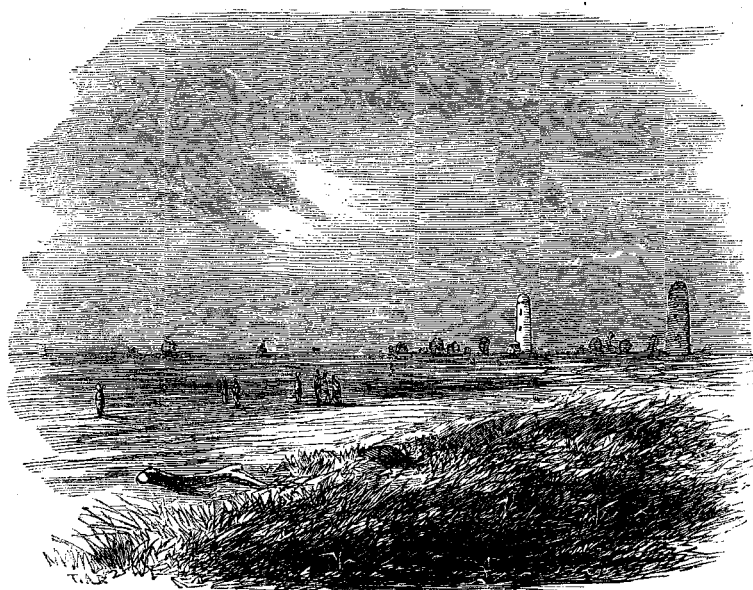
Water — the quiet water of lake or river — has been said to be to the landscape what the eye is to the face: that which gives it light and life and joy; and so may the unresting sea, in its mystery and infinity, be aptly called the great informing and immortalizing soul of nature. To paint the sea, says Ruskin, is to paint a soul. What pencil is equal to the task?

Some such thoughts as our pen has here been led into, will rise with more or less distinctness in the mind and heart of every one who looks ever so transiently or indifferently upon the limitless ocean; though while the sensibility of one may swell into all-absorbing and all-exalting emotion, in another the magic may be manifest only in a pleasurable physical excitement and heightened animal vigor, as in the laughing crowd of bathers as they gayly advance to meet the approaching columns of half-tamed surf. It is always a most grateful pleasure to watch the happy transforming power of the fair and healthful spirit of nature upon the humor and character which falls under the magic of her wand; to see the lustreless eye, the vacant mind, and the weary

heart of the care-worn street, dilate and spring into buoyant and strong life and hope when touched by the fresh air of the mountain-top, or when awakened by the infinite sources of suggestion and emotion which lie in the ceaseless music of the expanding beach and in the wilderness of weird waters.

It is a charming picture always for all eyes, that of the crowd of eager, happy bathers at a thronged ocean watering-place. The broad, smooth, pearly beach, the laughing sky, the gracious sea, the glad hurly-burly, and the grotesque toilette of the great crowd, and their gallant battles with the playful waves. And no where is this pleasant scene more delightfully presented than at our beautiful Cape May; for in no other place on our wide coast is there a more inviting beach, or one to be reached with so little previous toil. The sea-bathing here is hardly less convenient of access than is one's second-floor hall in town. Baptize ye, O *blaséd* reader! in these purifying floods, and thus strengthen and expand your physical and moral man!

Time fails us, as it flies, to speak of many minor points of interest: as of the great king or sea-crabs which are tossed so plentifully upon the beach to die; of the variety of shells which may be every where picked up, and especially of the beautiful little stones which, when fashioned and polished by the skilful lapidary, become the much-sought Cape May diamonds.



THE LIGHT-HOUSES.



LAWN AND PAVILION AT CONGRESS HALL.

But of the pilots we *must* say a word. They deserve, indeed, to have received earlier mention. Their class forms a considerable and influential part of the resident community. They have for generations been greatly noted, and never more worthily so than now. You may often chance to see, as we have, some huge craft drop down the Delaware, send her pilot ashore here through the surf, and then fill away to the broad ocean.

Moral: If you dwell in New-York, or thereabouts, take one or other of the fine ocean steamers of the New-York and Philadelphia Steam Navigation Company, which leave Pier No. 14, at the foot of Cedar-street, at five o'clock every afternoon, except Sunday; or if your home is in the latitude of Philadelphia, take the same conveyance in the day return-trip. Either voyage will land you nicely, *en route*, at the Cape; early in the morning, if via the sea, or in the afternoon, if down the bay. The fare is two dollars. On the Atlantic voyage you may chance to be sea-sick. Such instances are on record, and our own ex-

perience recalls memories of the sort. But all the better; as you, if not your landlord, will find, in increased appetite when you get ashore.

The Cape May season at present begins, as elsewhere, about the end



CONGRESS HALL.

of June, culminates in August, and declines near the middle of September. But with so genial a southern climate, and so beautiful an autumn, the time might be pleasurably and profitably much prolonged. We are informed that it is the intention of Messrs. West and Thompson, of Congress Hall, and no doubt of other landlords also, to afford all facilities for thus extending it; so, hereafter, go as late as you will — be it even far into beautiful October — a genial welcome will await you.

THE HARVEST STORM.

THE noon-tide comes, the harvesters
Are gathering in the grain :
The burning sun pours down upon
The groaning upland wain :

The reapers still ascend the hill,
And stretch the bright stalks low,
While in the west — o'er mountains pressed —
The clouds mount up like snow.

All 's still as death ! not yet a breath !
The reaper bares his brow :
When through the trees there steals a breeze
From the western bank of snow :

The cloud-banks rise high up the skies,
And wear a leaden hue :
The reapers now no longer mow,
There 's other work to do :

The clouds have run before the sun,
His rays are seen no more :
The thunder moans, in mournful tones,
As ever in days of yore.

The harvest hands in crowded bands
Are loading up the wain :
The driver speaks, the axle creaks,
Off moves his team again !

The oxen pull, the strong winds lull,
The clouds seem rent asunder,
The lightnings flash : then comes the crash
Of Jove's terrific thunder !

With many a shout the harvest rout
Move off to gain their shelter,
The clouds divide and open wide —
They scatter helter-skelter.

Ye denizens of brick-bound town,
At forty grown so hoary,
Ye cannot know, until ye go
To see the Storm-King's glory,

With what pride and stately stride
He moves across the mountains,
Refreshing earth — removing dearth —
And filling up the fountains.

Then let 's fill up a generous cup
Of nectar from the skies,
And drink his health, whose bounteous wealth
Makes Earth a Paradise !

A S T R A N G E R I N G O T H A M .

To the emigrant from Continental Europe, landing fresh in New-York, our metropolitan city presents not a few remarkable characteristics. No one demands his passport. No one inquires after him. He is, in fact, unnoticed, save by some importunate coachman or runner. He beholds little or none of the pomp with which authority is

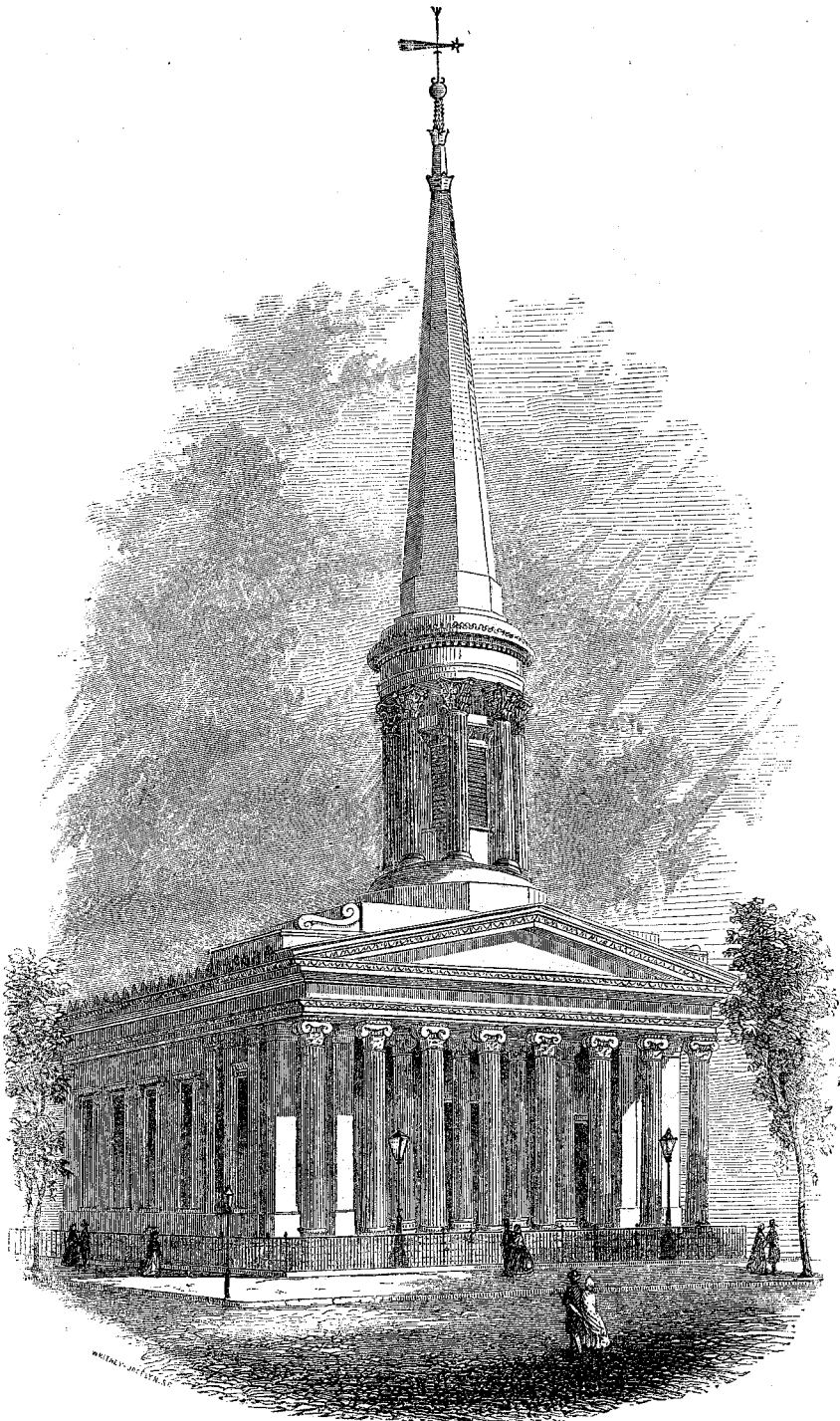


DR. MACAULEY'S CHURCH, COR. OF FIFTH-AVE. AND TWENTY-FIRST STREET.
VOL. LIV.

maintained in the cities of Western Europe. No ponderous wheels of government are to be seen, nor is the clash of its operations to be heard. Beholding few or no military preparations for the purpose of preventing popular outbreaks or drying up individual drops of disaffection, and yet to learn how man can restrain and rule himself, he almost comes to the conclusion that we are a people without government.

In like manner, seeing no union of Church and State, no imposing religious establishment, he is apt to conclude that we are a people without religion. Our churches, it is true, have not those surroundings of pomp and show and solidarities of age, which in Catholic Europe make the Church of Rome revered alike by the intelligent and the unlearned — alike by the courted hero and the obscure orphan girl. We are a migratory people, and have no holy places remarkable for their splendor and antiquity ; no gilded shrines before which worshipping generations have knelt so often, that both images and shrines have become doubly sacred. We have no gray-worn cathedrals with long aisles and many-pillared arches, whose stained windows, ornate with Scriptural scenes, cast soft shadows upon the pavement, whose paintings have grown into things of beauty under cunning hands toiling to realize the ideal, whose marble angels seem poised for ascending or descending flight, and whose Madonnas are so beautiful, that it is no wonder the silent worshippers often forget their prayers before them. But have we not, instead, splendid hotels and magnificent steamers — railways binding together our mountain-chains, and canals linking our inland seas ? Believing in political equality, is it necessary that the apple-woman should kneel by the side of velvet-robed beauty, to teach us that one person is no better than another ? Or, believing that liberty is destined every where to supplant despotism, what need have we of an institution in our midst illustrating the idea of the Church universal, even though it boasts of an intimate connection with that vast spiritual brotherhood which has existed in all lands, and has embalmed the memory of the good and the great of all ages ? We are a nation of travellers, therefore what is the use of pilgrimage ? For aside from devotion, pilgrimage, in the old world, is what travelling and frequenting the great watering-places are with us. We are an intensely practical people ; and hence many of the paraphernalia of worship in the old world — the costly shrines, the profusion of images and pictures, the moving of solemn processions, the dress and genuflections of priests, seem to us very like the ever-shifting scenes and changing characters that belong to the stage.

The absence of a Church establishment is, however, no more evidence of our being an irreligious people, than the absence of garrisons and an armed police, is proof that we are without government. Voluntary obedience to the best laws, not the absence of law, is the element



REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH IN LAFAYETTE PLACE.

of liberty. The planets, wheeling silently in their vast orbits, give us the most perfect idea of freedom ; yet we are told, if one of them should falter for a second of time in its appointed course, the universe would be thrown into chaos.

In church, as in political matters, the voluntary system is found to work best ; and the existence of so many charitable institutions in New-



DR. ALEXANDER'S CHURCH, COR. OF FIFTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH-STREET.

York, is sufficient evidence that the spirit of her citizens is by no means so mercenary as some would have us suppose. More missionaries have sailed from our port than from any other in the world ; and

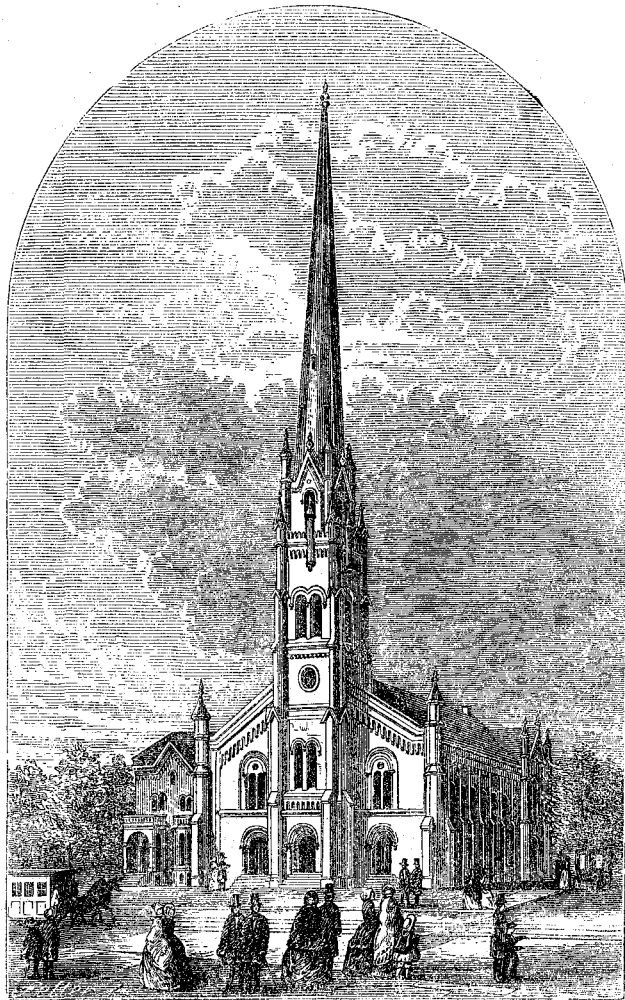
we believe, there is no city where the poor, other things being equal, are better provided for, or where more is voluntarily done for the promotion of every good cause. Foreigners, therefore, cannot say that we are an irreligious people, from the fact of our having no established religion.

The first prominent objects that meet the eye, when sailing up the bay of New-York, are the spires of her churches pointing heavenward like silent fingers. Of several of these splendid edifices, of which New-Yorkers are justly proud, we give excellent illustrations.

In the last number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, we mentioned how Director Kieft managed to build the first church on Manhattan, and how, in contrast with that little edifice within the walls of old Fort Amsterdam, we have now over three hundred churches in the city, not enough, however, to accommodate one third of our population, were they all inclined to avail themselves of religious services. The Reformed Dutch Church was organized in New-Amsterdam as early as 1620, and the first sermon in English from the Dutch pulpit preached by Dr. Laidlie in 1764.

Down to comparatively a recent date, many peculiarities prevailed in the Dutch Reformed Church, the remembrance of which is not altogether lost. 'Unlike the plainly-attired Puritan preachers, the dominies invariably appeared in the high, circular pulpit, clad in a gown of black silk, with large flowing sleeves; and so indispensable was this livery deemed, that, at the installation of a dominie in the beginning of the nineteenth century, who came unprepared with a gown for the occasion, the senior clergyman peremptorily refused to officiate, and the ceremony would have been postponed for a week, had not a robe been opportunely furnished by a friendly minister. The tall pulpit was canopied by a ponderous sounding-board. The first psalm was set with movable figures, suspended on three sides of the pulpit, so that every one on entering might prepare for the opening chorus. Pews were set aside for the Governor, Mayor, city-officers, and deacons; and the remaining seats were held singly by the members for their life, then booked, at their death, to the first applicant. The clerk occupied a place in the deacon's pew, and prefaced the exercises in the morning, by reading a chapter from the Bible, and, in the afternoon, by chanting the Apostolic Creed, to divert the thoughts of the people from worldly affairs. All notices designed to be publicly read, were received by him from the sexton, then inserted into the end of a long pole, and thus passed up to the cage-like pulpit, where the minister was perched far above the heads of the congregation. It was his business, too, when the last grains of sand had fallen from the hour-glass, which was placed invariably at the right hand of the dominie, to remind him by three raps with his cane, that the time had come for the

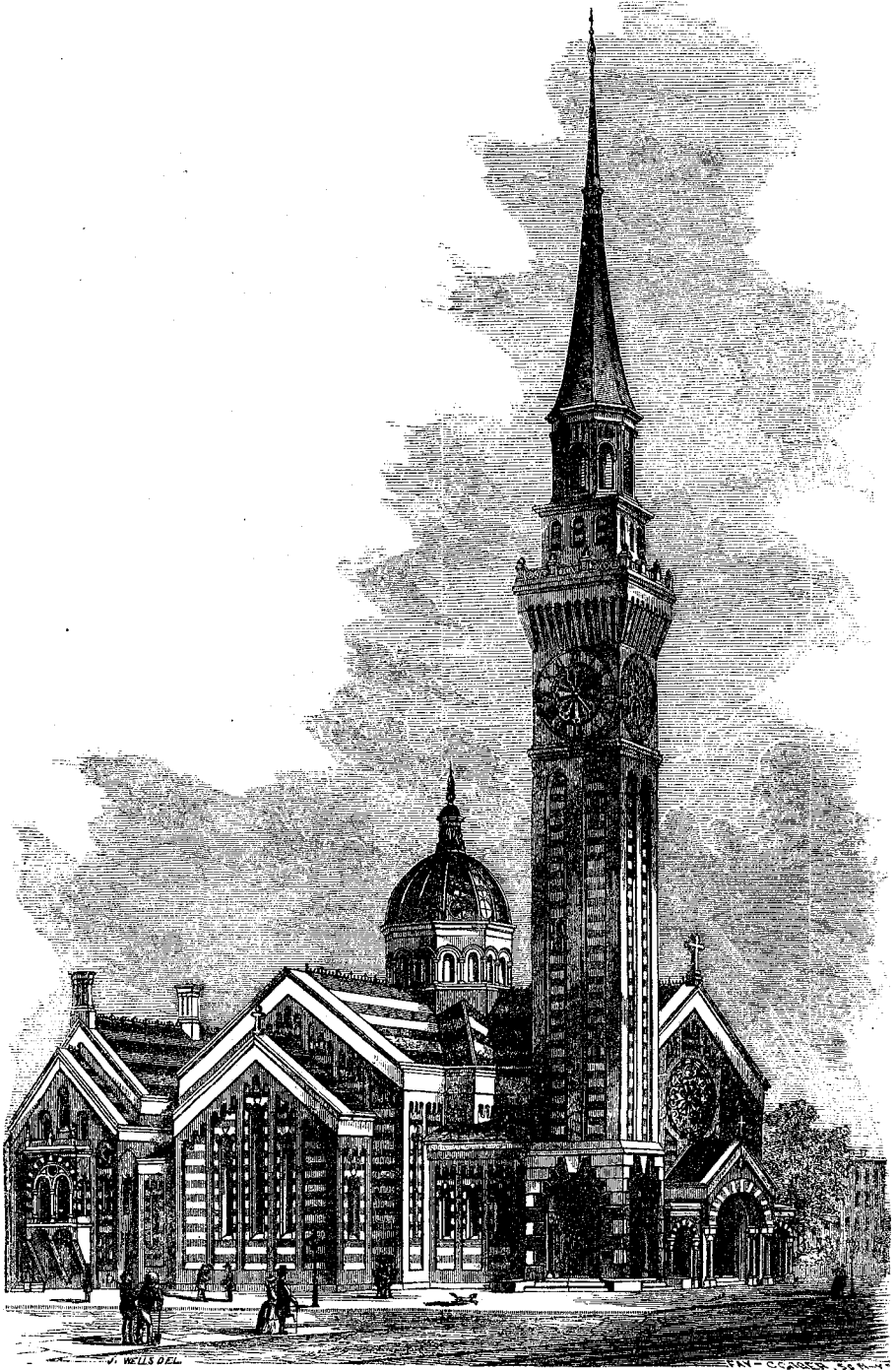
end of the sermon. A story is told of a dominie who, one hot summer's day, seeing the clerk asleep and the people drowsy, quietly turned the glass himself, and after seeing the sands run out for the second time, remarked to the congregation that, since they had been patient in sitting through two glasses, he would now proceed with the third.*



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, COR. OF FOURTH AVE. AND TWENTY-SECOND-STREET.

The stone church built by Director Kieft having been destroyed by fire in the days of the Negro Plot, the congregation erected the Garden-

* History of New-York City.



ALL SOULS' CHURCH, COR. FOURTH AVE. AND TWENTIETH STREET.

Street Church, which was also destroyed in the conflagration of 1835. Part of the old congregation now worship in Dr. Macauley's Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street. The Reformed Dutch Church in Lafayette Place, erected in 1844, is now the most beautiful edifice belonging to that denomination in New-York.

The Episcopal denomination was introduced soon after the cession of the city to the English in 1664. The old Trinity Church was built in 1696, rebuilt in 1788, and ultimately supplanted by the present magnificent structure, the finest of which the city can boast. Next in order came the Lutheran and Presbyterian denominations. The Brick Church in Beekman-street, afterward known as Dr. Spring's, built in 1767, on the angular plot long called 'the Vineyard,' which had been granted by the Corporation, at a rent of forty pounds per annum, to John Rogers, Joseph Treat, and others, escaped the great conflagration, and remained, until recently, a land-mark of olden times. Dr. Alexander's Church, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth-street, sprung from the old congregation that worshipped in Cedar-street under Dr. Romeyn.

The first Baptist Church in New-York was erected in 1760, and the now numerous Methodist congregations had their origin in a small assemblage that worshipped in a rigging-loft in Horse-and-Cart Lane, (now William-street,) under William Embury. The famous John-Street Chapel, christened Wesley Chapel, was erected in 1768. St. Paul's Church, on Fourth Avenue, recently completed, is their finest church in the city.

In 1819, William Ellery Channing preached the first Unitarian sermon delivered in our city, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, then in Barclay-street. All Souls' Church, situated on Fourth Avenue, a short distance above St. Paul's, and dedicated in 1855, will be, when the campanile is finished, perhaps the most imposing edifice of the kind in the city.

O U T O F S P I R I T S .

Is my wife out of spirits? said John with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning:
Quite out, Sir, indeed, said her maid in reply,
For she finished the bottle this morning.

THE OMNIBUS-DRIVER.

HAVING received from a highly respectable member of the omnibus-driving fraternity a letter, which enters more fully into the subject than I or any other layman can do, I subjoin it as a continuation of the street employments of New-York. Mr. William Gruff writes to me as follows :

'To the Emusing Riter in the Nickabocker Magezeen :

'SIR: I red your very entertaining artikl in the Nickabocker wich I'm a constant reader of, (I reads in the small ours of the morning and a number youshally lasts me a month,) and, supposin as my turn will be shure to come in your nex paper, I might as well give you some of the facs wich may be you aint aweer of. Stage-drivin is wun of the street-employments of this New-York, and there is things about stage-drivin as would make the publick's hair stand up—I'm alloodn to them as aint bald.

'When I says that I'm a stage-driver, I obvously declares myself a missantrop, a bein as seldom gives and never receives a kind word to or from his fellerman; a ermit whose solicitude is in the open air on a uncomfortable elevation; a stoick who daily contemplants the moving erd of men beneath him with the most perfound indifference; a sinic whose only verbl communicashn with mankind is under the influence of a temporary and very unplesnt kurveture of the spine, and through a little hole behind the two foot by eighteen inches, where he passes the most part of his miserable egistance; a victum of public persecution, who is scarcely ever addressed in words, but most frequently by insulting jerks upon his leg through the mejum of the stage-strap. Youmanity little knows the contempt I entertains for it, as indeed I must. Exalted above men, I lives not among them. Nobody knows or cares to ask what my name is. If I am wanted, I am called by the inexpressive moneysillabl 'Hi!' and if I do n't icknolledge this contempchous salutashn, 'Stupid fool' is the smallest compliment I reseaves. I wonder what the publick would say if I was to call out 'hi!' to them.

'They frekently addresses me in sines which is of so derogatry a karikter that my blood biles as I icknollege them. Sometimes these sines is made with a stick, a umbereller, a brown-paper parcel, or one finger held up, to indikate that I must stop. I do stop; but I feel that it would be a relief to me to do so with the off leg of the off horse on the korns of the contempchous customer. The individyal says nothing to me afore he enters. I aint as good as the dirt under his

feat. The rain may be a falling, the frost may be killing, the sun may be a briling me up on my ellevated perch. What cares that indiviyal about *me*? I am only a part of the macheen. *I* suppose that the stage is drawed by two horses. I 'm rong, it seams. That indiviyal regards the number of the cattle as three, me being included. He gets in and pokes his paltry sixpence through the little hole behind me. I heeds him not; I am meditating upon my wrongs, and looking forward to the happy day when I shall consummate my heaped-up vengeance by running my full stage down a opening in the street into the sewer below, or up agin a lamp-post. I pays no attention to the silver kine at my back. The passenger proceeds to insult me by jerking at my foot or beating a tattoo on the little pane of glass behind me. I takes his dirty pence and represses my indignation only to have my wounds opened afresh by a woman, with a bundle and a baby, calling with most unfeminine lungs that ebominable 'Hi!' Presently some fool in the stage diskivers that, being too intent on reading his paper or in staring at the young woman on the opsit seat, he has passed the pint where he wanted to stop. He frantikally seazes the strap, and not only in my leg but up in my very hart I feels the shock of his impatient pull. I checks the horses; but because I do n't pull them down upon their ams and bring the weakle to a sudden stop, a second jerk upon my leg manifests the impatience of the passenger, who scowls at me as he passes out, and wonders 'Why the jack-ass can't stop when he's told to.' Oh! what a life is this?

'Impashent as he is, however, to get out, the others is ekally ankshous to go on. He has scarsly stepped from the stage and I am jist preparing agin to start the horses, when two or three of the fools inside exclains together, 'Driver, go ahead, can't you?' as though I did n't know my own bizness. I does go ahead, but I treasures up my rongs. I sometimes thinks what a privelege it would be to hang six or eight of my fellow-men with the stage-strap every morning before breakfast, which meal, by-the-high, I almost alluz takes upon the box.

'Okashunly a street-boy, oaning three cents, orders me to stop; yes, *orders* me, a little boy with his shirt a hanging out of all parts of his trowsers, but with authority in virtue of his three cents, holds up his dirty finger and cries out to *me* — a man old enuff to be his grand-father — 'Hi!' I stops; but I asks myself was I born for this? Is this a legitimate intention of Provadense?

'One day a man from the Deaf and Dum Asylum wanted to get into the omnibus. He held up his finger to me. It was a sollum pleasure to me to know that at least one of my fellow-creachurs could n't call me 'Hi.' I gratified myself by pretending not to see him. He ran frantikally along the side-walk looking at me, holding both ands up in the hair and making mouths at me. I felt proud at

that moment; but my triumph was of short duration. A rufyan in the stage saw the dum person and pulled my knee up as high as my chin. I was phoaced to stop, and the dum man grin'd as he got in. Oh! LORD!

'Even the hurchings that hangs on to the step and rides for nothing, holds me in contempt, for they knows that I am their jupe. And I aint got no remedy. I yous'd to cut behind with my long wip at a venchur; but one day my evl jeneyus was rampant and the lash caut the i of a elderly femail who was a looking out of the stage winder. My Boss had to pay twenty dollars in cash for that operation, and the sum was dedukted in weakly instaulments out my pay.

'And what is my life off the stage? I have a wife and two children. Do they respek me? betwene you and me, I think not. They says I have no ickspearyance of the world — me who sees so much of it. One night I goes home at ten o'clock, and the next night at one. I mounts the box invariably at six, eksep one morning when I was lait.

'I had left my mittings on the table and was a wauking slowly down the yard, when my eldest boy a noticing of em, and knowing I should want em, darted out to find me. Direkly he come out he see me down the yard, and wanting to etrakt my attenshun, he kauled out that ebominable 'Hi!' This was too much. I went back and thrashed him. That made me lait, and my pay was dokt in consequans.

'As for my Boss, he is a Beast without no consence. He seems to think I ought to make peaple ride weather they will or no, for when the reseats falls off he vents his spleen in insinivations, which is very painful to the susseptable mind. He says: 'It's quear; he seen the stage several times that very day and it was as full as it could hold when he seen it; and he don't understand wy the reseats is so small.'

'The fact is, he thinks I prigs his money. May be I does.

'I feel that there aint no releaf for me but the graiv, and I do n't care how soon it comes to me, or rather how soon I am druv to it. I sinsearly hope, as there aint no omnibuses in Heaving, or leastways if there is, that I am to be a Passenger and not a driver, (won't I pull the strap though?) But if things aint so ordained, I do n't care if I goes to the other plais instead.

'Yours as truly as sukumstances will allow,

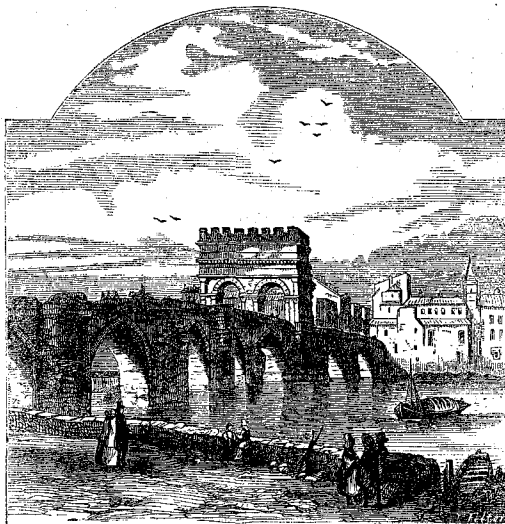
'BILL GRUFF.'

METAPHOR OF BIRTH AND DEATH.

THERE are two jewels in the ring of Life,
One white as suow, one black as ebony!

P A L I S S Y T H E P O T T E R .

In the south-west of France is the ancient town of Saintes, the capital of Saintonge, charmingly situated on the River Charente, and once the most flourishing city of all Guienne. It is a very ancient place, and was, in the time of the Romans, one of the principal cities of Aquitaine. There are still some slight remains of an amphitheatre, and a fine Roman bridge spans the waters of the Charente, bearing a Latin inscription (now illegible) upon its frieze. In olden times it boasted an ancient cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter, and said to have been built by Charlemagne; but only the bell-tower now remains.



TOWN OF SAINTES.

It was in the year 1538, one morning in May, that the people of the old, narrow-streeted town were surprised to find a strange family had arrived among them. The new-comers were a young couple who brought with them an infant in arms, and presently established themselves in a small house on the outskirts of the city, the frontage of

which looked upon one of the steep, crooked streets, and presented to view a work-shop, in which were displayed various objects calculated to attract the eyes of passers-by. Above all, at the entrance of the door was placed the figure of a dog, modelled and painted in such life-like fashion, that many a time was this sturdy-looking guardian of the threshold challenged to single combat by the perplexed dogs of the good town.

The head of this family was Bernard Palissy, whom, though of humble origin and occupation, Lamartine styles 'the patriarch of the work-shop, the poet of manual labor in modern days, the potter of the Odyssey, the Bible and the Gospel'—a selfhelping and self-taught man, who united the practical power of the workman with the genius

of the philosopher and the virtue of the saint and martyr; one of those world-conquering men, as powerful in patience as in energy, who can watch and wait, reiterate experiment, and endure privation from weary year to weary year in the pursuit of what, to ordinary minds, would seem but a vision of dream land, but which the forecasting instinct of genius affirms to be a possibility of sober life.



PALISSY AND HIS FAMILY.

Of the early history of Palissy scarcely more is known than that he was born in or near the little town of Biron, in the ancient province of Perigord, an inland, mountainous district, without commerce and manufactures, whose inhabitants depended for their subsistence upon the produce of their forests and the fattening of their pigs. His parents were too poor to give him the advantages of a liberal education; but he learned to read and write, and from

his early youth showed a talent for drawing and designing, and speedily attained a degree of skill which secured him employment in painting on glass and drawing plans. Though Palissy, in after-years, wrote several books as full of biographical anecdote and illustration as they are of shrewdness and good homely sense, he says little more concerning his early life than that for a long time he practised glass-painting, until he was assured that he 'could earn bread by labors in earth.' Our sketch of Palissy is based upon the lecture of the Rev. Henry Allon on the Huguenot potter and martyr, and the narrative of Miss C. L. Brightwell.* To the latter work we are also indebted for the excellent illustrations that accompany this article, and to it we refer the

* *PALISSY THE POTTER: OR THE HUGUENOT ARTIST AND MARTYR: a True Narrative*, by C. L. BRIGHTWELL. 12mo: pp. 235. CARLTON AND PORTER, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York. 1859.

reader for the best account of this remarkable man, who, as Lamartine says, by his example rather than by his works has exercised an influence upon civilization, and has earned a place for himself among the men who have ennobled humanity.

Palissy married and enshrined his Penates in the picturesque old town of Saintes, earning by surveying and glass-painting a scanty livelihood, for Lisette could not help wanting a 'grass-green camlet,' and little Nicole his calotte. But during the twelve preceding years he had lived the life of a wandering artisan.

Palissy says that many who worked at his trade in Perigord were nobles. We remember once in Eastern Europe to have given a Hun-

garian baron a shirt, an article of dress he had not worn in several weeks. A Plantagenet, it is said, makes shoes in one of the inland counties of England. Not long ago a lineal descendant of one of the British kings wished to become a contributor to our Magazine. But the glass-workers of Perigord, whether noble or plebeian, could hardly pay their taxes, and young Palissy left his forest-home, turning his face first southward to the Pyrenees. For twelve years he wandered through France, the Netherlands, and Lower Germany; and, as churches needing his services were



LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA'S CUP.

not to be encountered in every village, now and then stopping to eke out his scanty income by portrait-painting and surveying, and later by making draughts and moulding images. These were the years of his education.



PALISSY UNDER DISCOURAGEMENT.

Amid the gorges and peaks of the Pyrenees he became familiar with their varied beauty and wild scenery; and thus drinking in the spirit of the mountains and the woods, he laid the foundation of his wisdom as a philosopher. He studied earths and rocks and insects and trees, questioning men much, but nature more. He visited the laboratory of the chemist and the work-shop of the artisan, but nature, after all, was the

nurse of his genius and the mother of his art, teaching him lessons from the rocky bed of the stream, the wild recess of the forest and the awful cleft of the mountain. In these twelve years of travel Palissy acquired a knowledge of various arts, and even dabbled in alchemy, being, as he tells us, 'alchemist enough to live on his teeth.' Eager and observant, he questioned philosophers of their knowledge and learned wisdom from the rude instincts of the peasant, so that in time he inevitably became one of the wisest and most practical of men — the Franklin of France.

During his wanderings, also, Palissy doubtless came in contact with the Reformers, and became a devoted Huguenot. The religious thought and passion of Europe were then stirred to their very depth. The celebrated protest of fourteen imperial cities against the decisions of the Diet of Spire had just given to the Reformed Church the name of Protestant. France was at that time the great stronghold of Papacy. Leo X. sat on the papal throne; and the heretics, though passing through terrible scenes of persecution and martyrdom, were greatly protected by Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis the First. In 1535 John Calvin fled from Paris to Saintonge, the district in which Palissy fixed his home.

Some two years after Palissy had settled in Saintes he received a little commission from one of the great seigneurs who lived in the neighborhood, a man of much taste in the fine arts, and having in his possession some choice specimens of ancient Moorish pottery. After showing these to Palissy (who had come to the chateau for directions) the nobleman, going to the cabinet from which they had been taken, drew out an earthen cup, turned and enameled with so much beauty, that at the sight of it our artist was struck dumb with admiration.



PALISSY AND HIS DEAD CHILD.

When Palissy had been mending painted windows in Saintes, Europe was without porcelain. The existence of tea was not even known, and a shilling china mug would have been a princely present. While Palissy was a boy the Portuguese obtained their settlement at Macao, and through them came the first specimens of china-ware called porcelain, it is said, from their resemblance to the backs of little pigs. How many

thousands of years, according to Chinese chronology, they have been manufacturing porcelain it is impossible to say. A tea-cup may have been the vessel and tea the liquor employed in the very first libation of Yoo-tsou-she when, three thousand years before CHRIST, he induced his savage hordes to build their first hut. The earliest historic records of fictile clay are the bricks of Babel. The Greeks, Egyptians, Etruscans, and Romans were acquainted with the potter's craft; but while the art of tempering and glazing was disappearing in Europe, the Chinese and the Japanese were practising it in grotesque perfection.

'Who is there,' says Allon, 'that had not daguerreotyped upon his brain every line and dot of the immortal blue willow pattern, so called

from its astounding willow, with its four bunches of triple princes' feathers for foliage, and its inconceivable root growing out of an impossible soil; and its magical bridge suspended, like a leaping squirrel, between heaven and earth; and its three Chinese mermen, working themselves upon their tails in some inscrutable way or other in the funny little temple in the corner; and the allegorical ship that sails in mid-air over the top of it, and just under the baseless floor of an aerial blue villa, through which it threatens to thrust its mast; and its two nondescript birds, which would defy even the anatomy of Owen, billing and cooing in their uncouth Chinese fashion, besides the strange blue tree, with its round plum-pudding leaves—a permanent puzzle to botanists—and which grows out of the top of another temple with three deep-blue columns, and beneath which a mysterious stream flows, which sublime landscape, for millions of ages and upon tens of millions of plates, has represented to the world the artistic ideas of the Raphaels of the Cerulean empire?



PALISSY RELATING HIS ACCIDENT.

The first reëpearance in Europe of the lost art of pottery was in the fourteenth century, when glazed earthenware was used in the pavement of the Alhambra, and in the Moorish mosques in Spain. This was the condition of the art when Lucca della Robbia, the first of European potters, became famous for his terracotta productions. He was the discoverer of his own enamel, and 'studied,' says Vasari, 'with so much zeal, that

when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night-time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings.' After years of patient experiment, he produced a beautiful white enamel which gave almost 'eter-

nal durability' to his terra-cotta figures, and became so famous that it laid the foundation of the commercial greatness of Florence. His secret, however, died with him, his productions only remaining.



PALISSY AND THE DAME DE LA PONS.

The cup shown to Palissy was a specimen of the workmanship of Lucca della Robbia, and like Newton's apple it set his mind a-working. To discover Lucca della Robbia's enamel was henceforth the purpose for which he lived, and to which he consecrated all his labor and substance. No man in France possessed the knowledge. 'Some body,' reasoned Palissy, 'must have found it out, and why should I not repeat the discov-

ery?' To be the only man in the land who could produce these beautiful vases, would be not only to secure an abundant supply for the wants of his family, but also a triumph of art.

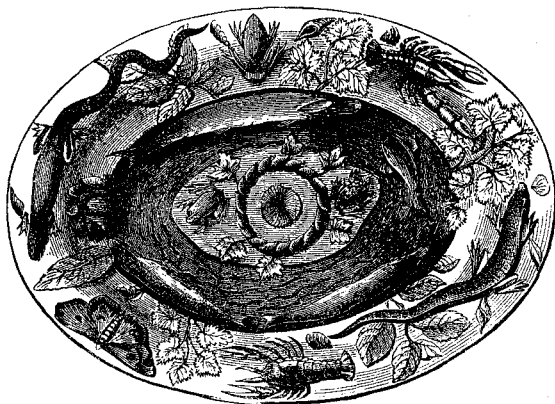
That evening he called his wife to him, told her what he had seen, and how his heart was set upon learning to make enamels. The poor woman saw that he was pleased, and urged that he had better rest content with diligence in his own calling, as he told her plainly of the great cost with which the first experiments must be made, and at the same time bade her to be of good cheer. 'There will be the loss of my time,' said he, 'from my wonted occupation; besides that, I must purchase drugs and make me furnaces, and all, at first, a clear outlay, without fruit. I shall have many drawbacks, and it may be a weary while before I master this art. I shall be as a man that gropes his way in the dark; for I have no knowledge of clays, nor have I ever seen earth baked, nor do I know of what materials enamels are composed.'

But how was Palissy to begin. His autobiography tells us:

'Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were

composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make any thing; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them; and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish color; for I sought only after white enamel, because I heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others.'

But from ignorance of the degree of heat required, and bad arrangement of the materials, he obtained no good result. After he had blundered several times, at great expense, broken up his pottery, and exhausted his resources, he re-constructed his furnaces, bought new chemicals, and broke fresh pots, undeterred by an empty purse, a bare cupboard, and a remonstrant wife.



A PALISSY DISH.

'When,' says he, 'I had fooled away several years thus imprudently, with sorrows and sighs that I could not at all arrive at my intention, and remembering the money spent, I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test, to the kiln of some

potter; and having settled this in my mind, I purchased afresh several earthen vessels, and having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery distant a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels. This they did willingly.'

With good-natured pity the potters put this strange batch of powders into their furnace, making merry while Palissy sat down with throbbing heart to watch for the result. But when the trial-pieces were taken out, to his shame and loss he found that they had not been affected by the fire. Unmindful of the ridicule of the potters, he

several times gave them new combinations of the chemicals to try as before; but with no more success. The necessities of his family and the curtain-lectures of his wife could, however, no longer be resisted. After three years of fruitless effort, he gave up the attempt to make enamel, and returned to glass-painting and surveying.



PALISSY JUG AND DISH.

The French king wanting money for his wars, determined to levy a tax on the salt-marshes of Saintonge. The royal commission came just at the right time, and Palissy thankfully accepted the appointment 'to map the islands and the district surrounding all the salt-marshes in his part of the country.' For a year and a half he was out-

wardly a happy man; but the fire had been secretly smouldering, and to the horror of his wife soon broke out fiercer than ever. Startling enough was the first symptom. 'I broke,' says he, 'about three dozen earthen pots, all of them new, and having ground a large quantity of different materials, I covered all the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush.' These were all carried to the glass-house, in the hope that the intenser heat would melt them, and some one would prove to be the right combination. When the preparations were drawn out of the furnace, he joyfully observed that some of them had begun to melt, which still more encouraged him to search for the white enamel. Palissy persevered, but brought no wages to his neglected family. Poor Lisette thought her husband heartless, and scolded. The neighbors thought him mad. Death also entered his cottage and bore away the two eldest children. Finally a compromise was effected. He would make but one more trial, and if that failed, would, like a sensible man, go back to his glass-painting and surveying.

The last effort, however, must be a great one. Let Palissy tell his own story. 'For two years I did nothing but go and come between my house and the adjacent glass-houses, aiming to succeed in my intentions. God willed that when I had begun to lose my courage, and

was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial-pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature; and I thought that from that time I had the full perfection of the white enamel.'



PALISSY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Palissy rushed to the chamber where his poor wife lay in her sick-bed, and holding up the shining white fragment, exclaimed: 'I have found it!' Lisette hailed the first ray of returning prosperity, but little knew how long she must wait before she could warm herself in its sunshine. A partial success was not to be relinquished. More money must be spent, even though Palissy has no money, and but little credit. He was now

so near the discovery of his secret that he must have a furnace of his own, lest the glass-blowers, whose sneers and gibes he had so long endured, should become acquainted with it, and the reward of his labor be lost. Having spent seven or eight months in making vessels of earth, although he had never understood earthenware, he began to erect a furnace like that of the glass-workers; and unable to pay any one to assist him, he was obliged to carry the bricks and mortar on his own back. At length, after eight months of experiment, he succeeded in baking his pottery. But how was it to be enameled? He was obliged to work more than a month, night and day, grinding the materials; and when the vessels had been put into the furnace, after feeding it with wood incessantly for six days and six nights he found it impossible to make the enamel melt. Is it strange that he was like a man in desperation, the very Job of his art sitting for six days and six nights

among his potsherds, his wants supplied perhaps only by his children? He will try again. The next experiment may be successful. Without letting his furnace cool, he began once more to pound and grind materials, and as the vessels he had made were all broken, he bought others with borrowed money, for this must be his last experiment. The new vessels are put into the furnace, which he has kept heated three weeks. But now a new and fatal embarrassment occurs. His fuel fails, and the furnace-fires will go out, and his new baking be spoiled. What shall he do? First, he tears up the palings of his garden. In vain does Lisette weep and wring her hands. The last stake disappears; still the enamel does not melt. The insatiable furnace craves fuel, and fuel it must have. His eye glaring, his lips compressed, Palissy rushes to the house. A tremendous crash: a table is split up and carried away; then follows a chair, and another, and at last he tears up the flooring. Lisette, seeing her furniture destroyed and her house pulled down, rushes frantic out into the streets of Saintes, proclaiming aloud that her insane husband is burning the house.



PALISSY AMONG THE ROCKS.

And what does Palissy himself think of all this? Here is his own account of his misery: 'I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace; it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due, ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors; and in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was

regarded as a madman. Others said that I was laboring to make false money; which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped

with bowed head through the streets like a man put to shame. I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to pay the nurses. No one gave me consolation, but on the contrary men jested at me, saying 'it was right for him to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off following his trade.' All these things assailed my ears when I passed through the streets; but for all that, there still remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out tolerably well, and thereafter I thought that I knew enough to get my living.'

Some of the chemicals melted over his jars and produced a white

enamel; but months would be required to produce a batch of actual enamelled crockery. Although his children cried for bread, his wife gave him no peace, his neighbors thought him mad, and he was plunged in debt, he resolved to engage as an assistant a potter who understood his art, a magnanimous inn-keeper undertaking to feed and lodge the potter for six months, charging the same to Bernard Palissy's account. For six months they labored



PALISSY AT A HUGUENOT MEETING.

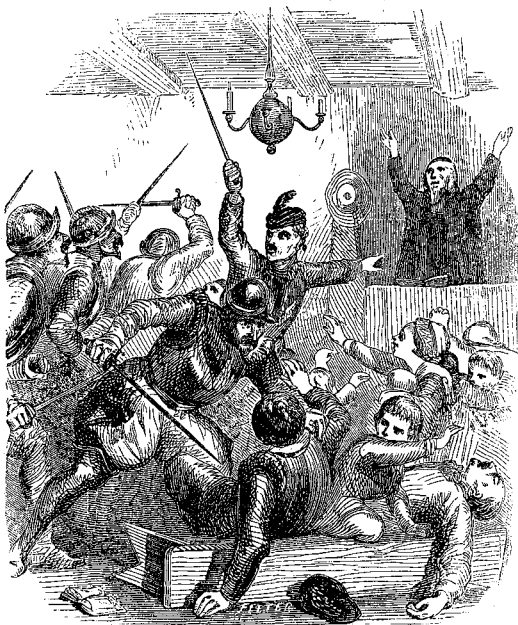
together, moulding and baking pottery to be enamelled, when for want of funds the assistant had to be discharged, Bernard's clothes being given to him for wages.

Then he resolved to take down his furnace and re-construct it. He was obliged to bring the water, the mortar, and the stone without any aid; in loosening the masonry of the old furnace, his fingers were so bruised and cut by the vitrified mortar and bricks, that he had to eat his pottage with his fingers wrapped in rags.

When Palissy came to draw out of the furnace the vessels he had prepared with such labor and expense, a new discomfiture so augmented his sorrows and disasters that he lost all countenance. The enamels

were good, but the flints in the mortar, which he had used in erecting the furnace, bursting in consequence of the great heat, the pieces stuck into the soft enamel, so that the jars and medallions, which otherwise would have been very beautiful, were covered with them. These imperfect products might have been sold at some price, and at least a part of the three or four hundred livres which Palissy hoped to draw from the experiment for his family, the good-hearted inn-keeper and the rest of his creditors, might have been realized; but the grand old potter, gaunt, ragged, and furnace-stained—a very Lear in his distress—rushed upon the batch and broke it all to pieces, scattering the fragments at his feet. His neighbors remonstrated, his wife was more than ever convinced of his madness, his faith had been tried to the utmost; but the enamel had been discovered. He was now forty years of age, and had been experimenting in pottery eight years. He had only to learn by experience how to avoid the thousand accidents that marred the application of his great secret.

We need not follow Palissy through the next eight years of his life.

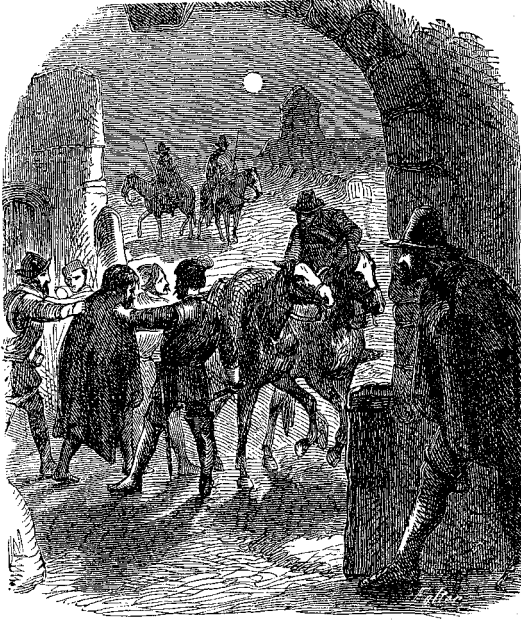


HUGUENOT MEETING BROKEN UP.

At the chateau in Pons, where he saw the cup of 'marvellous beauty' which had served as a talisman to elicit his genius, he had in the meantime frequently received commissions for various works of art in his peculiar line. The 'Dame de Pons,' being a lover of gardens, found Palissy's ready tact of great service. To her he related, after his last discomfiture, his many mishaps and failures, and so interested was she in his favorite pursuit, that

she became his patron, and enabled him in one way and another to procure means for carrying on his experiments. Eight years more he labored before being able to support his family by his pottery. After describing all his various failures he says: 'In short,

I blundered for fifteen or sixteen years. . . . I was so wasted in my person that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms or legs; also, the said legs were throughout of one size,



PALISSY HURRIED OFF TO BORDEAUX.

so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels with the stockings too. I often walked about the fields of Saintes, considering my miseries and weariness, and above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do any thing that was considered good. . . . Nevertheless, the hope that I had, caused me to proceed with my work so like a man, that often, to amuse people who came to see me, I did my

best to laugh, although within me all was very sad. . . . I have been for several years — when, without the means of covering my furnaces, I was every night at the mercy of the winds and rains — without any help, aid, or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on the one hand, and the dogs that howled on the other, . . . and having nothing dry upon me because of the rains which had fallen, I would go to bed at mid-night or near dawn, dressed like a man who has been dragged through all the puddles in the towns; and turning thus to retire, I would walk rolling, without a candle, falling to one side and the other like a man drunk with wine, filled with great sorrows, inasmuch as having labored long, I saw my labor wasted; then retiring in this manner, soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which causes me to marvel now that I was not consumed with my suffering. . . . At last I found means to make various vessels of different enamels intermixed, in the manner of jasper. That fed me several years; and when at last I had discovered how to make my rustic pieces, I was in greater trouble than before,

for having made a certain number of them and put them to bake, my enamels turned out, some beautiful and well melted, and others quite the reverse ; because they were composed of different materials, which were fusible in different degrees. Thus the green of the lizards was burned long before the color of the serpents was melted ; and the color of the serpents, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs was melted before the white had attained any beauty. All these defects caused me such labor and heaviness of spirit, that before I could render my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat I really thought I should be at the door of my sepulchre.'



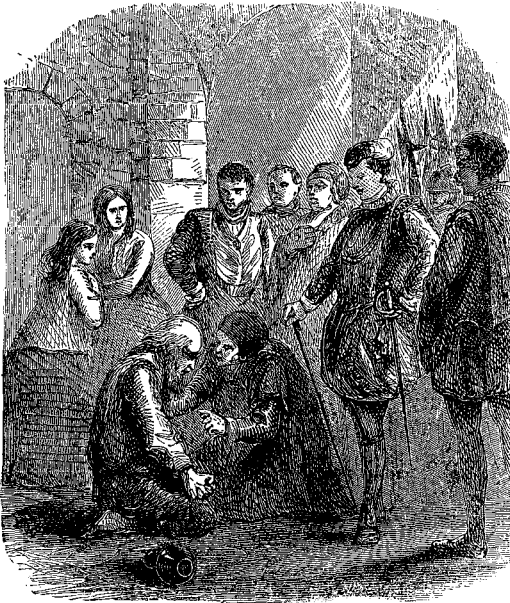
PALISSY IN PRISON.

Palissy was forty-eight years of age at the close of his sixteen years' struggle. Thenceforward his fame rapidly spread ; his discovery was talked of, and specimens of his art were exhibited at court. Noblemen frequented his cottage ; the visionary had proved a seer. Lisette smiled again ; her children were well fed ; and she purchased a finer 'grass-green camlet' than she had ever dared to hope for. At the mansion of the 'Dame de Pons'

Palissy met the Marshal Montmorency, who, although a rough, austere man, and a bigoted Catholic, sent by Henry II. to exterminate the heretics of Saintonge, became his chief patron, not only appointing him to decorate his famous chateau d'Ecouen, but afterward commending him to the King, and thereby saving his life.

The pottery made by Palissy (of which, under the name of Palissy-ware, exquisite specimens adorn a room in the Louvre named after him, and also the private collections of wealthy and noble continental amateurs) was very characteristic of himself. To reproduce in his works the bright colors and elegant forms of the plants and animals on which he had so long and so often gazed in the woods and fields,

was his delight; and he founded his reputation on what he called rustic pieces. The title which he took for himself was: Worker in earth, and Inventor of Rustic Figulines. These were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other productions of nature, tastefully introduced as ornaments upon a vase or plate. His rich fancy covered his works with elaborate adornment; but all these designs were so accurately copied from nature, in form and color, that the species of each can be readily recognized; and there is hardly found a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, fields, rivers, and seas of France.



PALISSY AND THE KING.

This is, perhaps, the place to speak of Palissy as a philosopher, for as such he ranks among the sages of France. In his later life he delivered the first Natural History lectures in Paris; calling together the most learned men of the country that he might submit to them his philosophical speculations, lest he should unwittingly claim as his own discoveries things already known. In agriculture he anticipated many of Liebig's teachings. He

guessed keenly and wisely at the philosophy of health and disease; promulgated a correct theory of springs, and surface-drainage; and very nearly discovered the steam-engine.

'His scattered leaves,' says Lamartine, 'long forgotten, and at last collected, form two volumes — real treasures of human wisdom, divine piety, and eminent genius, as well as of great simplicity, vigor, and copiousness of style. It is impossible, after reading them, not to consider the poor potter one of the greatest writers of the French language. Montaigne is not more free and flowing; Jean Jacques Rousseau is scarcely more graphic; neither does Bossuet excel him in poetical power. In his allegories, his reflections, his pathos, his descrip-

tions, and his poetry, he is as great as any of the authors I have mentioned.'

We have already stated that Palissy, during his twelve years' wanderings, became a Huguenot; and that he zealously adhered to the faith of the Reformers. Soon after his settlement at Saintes, the persecution broke out there, and the first Protestant heretic was burned. Bernard began the Reformed Church of Saintes by preaching to his one poor brother Christian; his preaching courage failing, however, when others were to be addressed. Six poor and unlearned men, undertaking 'a business in which they never had been instructed,' met together every Sunday to recite passages of Scripture; and ultimately it was agreed that each of the six in turn should preach to the other five. In a contemporary list of preachers we find the name of Bernard Palissy.

Saintes had been a kind of Zoar for the Huguenots, and in the time of the persecution they were hunted down like wild beasts, and when caught were 'bridled like horses before being led to the scaffold, which bridles had to each an apple of iron which filled all the inside of their mouths — a very hideous thing to see.' Palissy, protected by Montmorency, labored on in his little work-shop. 'I had nothing, every day,' says he, 'but reports of frightful crimes that from day to day were committed; and it was of all those things the one that grieved me most within myself, that certain little children of the town, who came daily to assemble in an open space near the spot where I was hidden, (exerting myself always to produce some work of my art,) dividing themselves into two parties, (Catholics and Huguenots,) swore and blasphemed in the most execrable language that ever man could utter.'

But Palissy did not wholly escape. His house was forcibly entered by midnight, his pottery and his work-shop destroyed, and himself hurried off to Bordeaux. Palissy's secret saved him; nobody but himself could decorate the Constable's house with enamelled pottery. Powerful friends exerted themselves. Montmorency hurried to Paris, was importunate with the Queen-Mother, Catherine di Medici, obtained the potter's liberty; and lest Popery should repeat the experiment, Palissy was appointed 'Inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King.' Not long after, he removed to Paris; and when Charles IX. became king, located himself and his works on the site of the Tuileries, which Catharine had begun to build. Madame Palissy had now real cause to bless the white enamel. She went to court, and for many years her husband filled France with his fame.

In the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, Palissy — more fortunate than his co-laborer, Jean Goujon, the celebrated sculptor, who was struck down on his platform while working at the caryatides of the Louvre — escaped; how, we know not, but probably in virtue of

the white enamel. When seventy-six years of age, he was still known as the uncompromising Huguenot, although the tyrant of France had afresh commanded that every one, on pain of death, should worship his gods. Sentence of death was delayed against him only through the intercession of powerful friends, who in order to save his life were compelled to imprison him in the Bastile, within whose gloomy walls, with two fair girls condemned also for the faith, he spent the last four years of his life.

Here King Henry III. visited him. 'My good man,' said he, 'you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party, and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also if you will not be converted.' 'Sire,' answered the old man, 'you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled;'' that is not speaking like a king. These poor girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay.'

Two months later fagots blazed around the poor girls in the Place de Grève, but Palissy still lived. Some powerful arm had sheltered him, and he was saved from the fiery trial. But in the same year the brave old potter, now eighty years of age, fell calmly asleep in his prison — a different death-chamber from that which should have received the last breath of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the sons of France.

M A R C U S A N T O N I U S .

THERE was a man once, CUPID's best beloved,
Who gave a kingdom for a woman's smile,
A dusky woman of Egyptian breed —
Just think of that, JERONYMO!
Why, I might give this mortal life of mine
To sit astride the rainbow for an hour,
With half a yard of moon-shine in my cap
To dangle like a feather — might do this,
Nor be the fool that he was!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

ART thou not happy since love's words
Fell on thy heart like balm ?
'Well now, I do n't know as I am,
And do n't know but I am.'

Did not sweet thoughts thy bosom thrill
When first thou heardst his vow ?
'I think it 's very probable,
But can't remember now.'

Then long and ardently he sued
Ere thou didst answer him ?
'Well, no, considering every thing,
I thought my chances slim.'

And so thou gav'st thy fond young heart
With joy and hope elate ?
'So far as what I gave 's concerned,
He did n't get 'no great.' '

Does not the draught of happiness
O'erflow thy brimming cup ?
'Times, when he 's 'setting up ' with me
I kind o' feel set up.'

Does not thy fond thought follow him,
Even when thy lip is dumb ?
'Yes, when he takes me by the hand,
I feel drawn towards him, some.'

Has he not vowed to do for thee
All that affection can ?
'He seems, from what he promised me,
A promising young man.'

When evening brings its fancies sweet,
Is he not ever nigh ?
'To tell the truth, he is a man
I 'set a great deal by.' '

When he is thine, will not thy heart
Dismiss all care and doubt ?
'I think 't will be a handy thing
To have a man about.'

Didst ever think, death's night alone,
Thy wedded day can dim?
'Sometimes I think of that, and then
I almost pity him.'

Henceforth your happy lives will blend
As mingled currents run;
'They do n't begin to, yet, but then
I s'pose 't will all be one.'

Maiden, thy words are strange to me,
Thou wak'st my fear and doubt!
'My talk is common-sense, and yours
The kind we read about.'

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum Corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

July 30th.

THE theory of chances is never more idly employed than on the thoughts and feelings of a woman. Not caring to find myself soon in Mlle. Marguérite's company, after the painful scene between us, I had passed two days without showing my face at the chateau. I scarcely expected that this short interval could have sufficed to soothe the resentment I had stirred up in that haughty heart. Nevertheless, the morning of the day before yesterday, toward seven o'clock, as I was at work near the open window of my turret, I heard myself suddenly called, in a tone of friendly gayety, by the very person of whom I thought I had made an enemy.

'Monsieur Odiot, are you there?'

I went to the window, and perceived, in a boat stationed near the bridge, Mlle. Marguérite, pushing aside with one hand the brim of her large brown straw hat, and raising her eyes towards my half-invisible tower.

'Here I am, Mademoiselle,' said I promptly.

'Will you come a walk?'

After the just alarm, by which I had been tormented for two days, so much condescension made me fear that, according to the saying, I was the plaything of a senseless dream.

'Pardon, Mademoiselle; what do you say?'

‘Will you take a little walk with Alain, Mervyn, and me?’

‘Certainly, Mademoiselle.’

‘Very well; bring your sketch-book.’



MONS. ODIOT'S INTERVIEW WITH MONS. LAROQUE THE OLD PRIVATEER.

I made haste to come down, and ran towards her on the bank of the stream.

‘Ah!’ said the young girl, laughing, ‘you are in a good humor this morning, it seems.’

I muttered awkwardly some confused words, intended to intimate that I was always in a good humor, which Mlle. Marguérite seemed not to believe very firmly; and then I jumped into the boat and took a seat by her side.



MEETING ON THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE OF ELVEN.

'Row on, Alain,' said she immediately; and old Alain, who piques himself on being a masterly boatman, began to take methodical strokes with the oars, which gave him the look of a heavy bird trying in vain to fly away. Then Mlle. Marguérite continued: 'I am actually obliged

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to come and fetch you from your tower, as you have been obstinately sulking these two days.'

'I assure you, Mademoiselle, nothing but discretion — respect — fear —'

'Oh! heavens! respect — fear. You were sulking, that's what it was. Positively we are too good for you. My mother, who insists upon it, I do n't clearly know why, that we ought to treat you with a very distinguished consideration, begged me to immolate myself on the altar of your pride, and, like an obedient daughter, I immolate myself.'

I frankly expressed my lively gratitude.

'Not to do things by halves,' she went on, 'I resolved to give you a treat that would suit you: so here is a fine summer morning for you, wood and glades with all the desirable effects of light and shade, birds singing under the leaves, a mysterious boat gliding over the water. You who like stories of that kind, you must be pleased?'

'I am enchanted, Mademoiselle.'

'Oh! that is not unlucky.'

I found myself, in fact, for the moment pretty contented with my lot. The two banks between which we were gliding, were strewn with newly-cut hay which perfumed the air. I saw retreating all around us the dark avenues of the park, pierced with lines of brightness by the morning sun; millions of insects were intoxicating themselves with dew in flower-cups, humming gayly the while. Before me was old Alain, at every stroke of the oars smiling on me with an air of satisfaction and protection: still nearer sat Mlle. Marguérite, contrary to her custom dressed in white; beautiful, fresh, and pure, she took away with one hand the dewy pearls which the early hour hung around the lace of her hat, and offered the other as a bait to the faithful Mervyn, who was swimming after us. Truly, I should not have needed very much entreaty to go to the world's end in that little white boat.

As we were leaving the limits of the park, passing through one of the arches that pierced the boundary wall, the young Creole said to me: 'You do n't ask me where I am leading you, Sir?'

'No, no, Mademoiselle, it is all the same to me.'

'I am leading you into fairy-land.'

'I suspected it.'

'Mlle. Héloûin, who is more competent to speak of poetical matters than I am, ought to have told you that the clumps of wood which cover the country for twenty leagues round, are all that remain of the old forest of Brocélyande, where the ancestors of your friend Mlle. de Porhoët, the kings of Gaël, used to hunt, and where the grandfather of Mervyn here, enchanter as he was, was enchanted by a king's daughter named Viviane. Now we shall soon be in the very heart of the

forest. And if that is not enough to excite your imagination, know that these woods still preserve a thousand traces of the mysterious religion of the Celts; they are paved with them. You have the right therefore to fancy under each of these shady places a white-robed druid, and to see a golden sickle shining in every ray of the sun. The worship of those unendurable old men has even left near here, on a site that is lonely, romantic, picturesque, *et cetera*, a monument, at the sight of which persons given to ecstasy generally faint away; I thought it would give you pleasure to draw it, and, as the place is not easy to find, I resolved to serve as your guide, asking nothing in return, except that you will spare me any outbursts of an enthusiasm in which I can not join.'

'Very good, Mademoiselle, I will restrain myself.'

'I beg you will!'

'That is understood. And what do you call this monument?'

'I call it a heap of big stones: antiquaries call it, some simply a dolmen, others, who are more pretentious, a *cromlech*; the country-people call it, without explaining why, the *migourdit*.*'

Meanwhile we were gently following the course of the stream, between two lines of dewy meadow-land; small cattle, mostly black, and with long sharp horns, rose here and there at the sound of the oars, and watched our passage with a fierce gaze. The valley, down which the stream meandered, widening in its course, was shut in on both sides by a chain of hills, covered, some with furze and dry broom, some with verdant under-wood. From time to time, we crossed a ravine which opened out between two slopes a winding prospect, in the depth of which was to be seen the rounded blue summit of a distant mountain. Mlle. Marguérite, spite of her 'incompetence,' did not fail to direct my attention to the several charms of this sweet and rugged landscape, not omitting, however, to accompany every remark with an ironical exception.

By this time a dull, continuous sound had begun to announce to us that we were probably near a water-fall, when suddenly the valley closed up, and assumed the appearance of a wild and sequestered gorge. On the left rose a high wall of moss-covered rock; oaks and firs, intermingled with hanging ivy and briers, stood in the chinks even up to the top of the cliff, casting a mysterious shade on the deeper water which bathed the rocks below. Before us, at the distance of a few hundred paces, the waters boiled, foamed, and suddenly disappeared; while the broken line of the river stood out through a whitish smoke, against a distant back-ground of obscure verdure. On our right, the bank opposite the cliff now presented only a narrow strip

*In the wood of Cadoudal, department of Morbihan.

of steep meadow, to which the thickly-wooded hills gave a fringe of sombre velvet.

‘Pull to the bank!’ said the Creole. While Alain made the boat fast to the branches of a willow, she continued, springing out lightly on the grass: ‘Well, Sir, you don’t feel uncomfortable? You are not upset, petrified, thunder-struck? And yet they say this place is very pretty. For my part, I like it because it is always cool here. But follow me into the wood — if you dare — and I will show you these famous stones.’

Mlle. Margu  rite, lively, nimble, and gay, as I had never seen her before, crossed the meadow-land at two bounds, and took a path which buried itself among the thick trees as it ascended the slope. Alain and I followed her in Indian file. After a few minutes’ quick walking, our guide stopped, seemed to consult with herself for a moment, and to be finding the right way; then, deliberately parting two entangled boughs she left the beaten path, and struck directly into the under-wood. The journey then became less agreeable. It was very hard to force one’s way through the already sturdy young oaks, of which this under-wood was composed, their sloping trunks and thick-leaved boughs interlacing like Robinson Crusoe’s hedge. At any rate, Alain and I got on with difficulty, bent double, hitting our heads at every step, and bringing down, at each of our heavy movements, a shower of dew on us; but Mlle. Margu  rite, with the greater address and cat-like suppleness of her sex, glided without apparent effort through the openings in the labyrinth, laughing at our sufferings and carelessly letting fly back behind her the flexible branches, which would hit us in the eyes.

We reached at length a very narrow open space, which seems to crown the summit of the hill, and there I perceived, not without emotion, a gloomy and monstrous table of stone, supported by five or six enormous blocks, which are halfburied in the ground, and form there a cavern, truly full of religious terror. At first sight, there is in this uninjured monument of almost fabulous times and of primitive religions, a power of truth, a sort of real presence, which seizes the soul and makes one shiver. A few rays of sunlight, penetrating the foliage, filtered through the disjointed rows of stone, played on the gloomy slab above, and lent an idyllic grace to this barbarous altar. Mlle. Margu  rite herself seemed pensive and absorbed. As for me, after penetrating into the cavern, and examining the dolmen on all sides, I set about the task of drawing it.

I had been absorbed in this work for about ten minutes, paying no attention to what might be going on around, when Mlle. Margu  rite said to me suddenly: ‘Would you like a Velleda to give life to the picture?’

I raised my eyes. She had twined round her brow a thick chaplet of oak-leaves, and was standing at the head of the dolmen, leaning slightly against one of a group of young trees; in the half-light under the branches, her white dress assumed the brilliancy of marble, and the pupils of her eyes sparkled with a strange fire in the shadow cast by her projecting crown. She was beautiful, and I think she knew it. I looked at her without finding a word to say, and she continued: 'If I inconvenience you, I will move away.'

'I beg you will not.'

'Very well, make haste; put in Mervyn too; he shall be the druid, and I the druidess.'

I was so happy as to reproduce with tolerable fidelity, thanks to the vagueness of a sketch, the poetical vision with which I had been favored. She came to examine my drawing with an appearance of eagerness.

'That's not bad,' she said. Then she threw away her crown, laughing, and added: 'Confess that it was good of me.'

I confessed it, and would even have owned too, had she wished it, that she did not want for a grain of coquettishness: but she would not be a woman without that, and perfection is detestable; the goddesses themselves, to be loved, would need something more than their immortal beauty.

We reached once more, through the dense under-growth, the path traced through the wood, and descended again toward the river. 'Before we go back,' the young Creole said to me, 'I should like to show you the water-fall, all the more as I intend to have a little amusement in my turn. Come, Mervyn! come, my good dog! How beautiful you are!' We were soon on the bank in front of the shelf of rock which dammed up the river's bed. The water dashed from a height of several feet to the bottom of a large deep-set pool of a circular shape, which seemed to be bounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of green turf, studded with dewy rocks. Still some invisible fissures received the overflow of the little lake, and these streamlets united again at a little distance in one common bed.

'It is not exactly Niagara,' said Mlle. Marguerite, raising her voice a little so as to be heard above the din of the fall; 'but I have heard connoisseurs and artists say that it was pretty enough. Have you admired? good! Now I hope you will give Mervyn all the enthusiasm you have remaining. Here, Mervyn!'

The Newfoundland came and stood by the side of his mistress, and watched her, trembling with impatience. The young girl weighted her handkerchief with a few stones, and then threw it into the stream a little above the fall. At the same moment Mervyn fell like a lump into the lower pool, and quickly left the bank; the handkerchief mean-

while followed the course of the water, reached the shelf of rock, danced for a second in an eddy, then suddenly passing like an arrow over the rounded rock, came whirling in a flood of foam before the eyes of the dog, who seized it with quick and unerring tooth. After this, Mervyn proudly regained the bank, where Mlle. Marguérite stood clapping her hands.

This charming sport was repeated several times with the same success. It was now the sixth time, when it happened, either from the dog starting too late, or from the handkerchief being thrown too soon, that poor Mervyn missed his aim. The handkerchief was caught in the eddy of the falling water, and carried among some thorn-bushes which showed themselves above the water a little farther down. Mervyn went in search of it; but we were much surprised to see him struggle convulsively, loose his prey, and raise his head towards us, with piteous cries. 'Gracious heaven! what is the matter?' cried Mlle. Marguérite.

'It seems as if he was caught in those bushes. But he will get free, do n't doubt it.'

However, we soon had to doubt it, and even to despair of it. The net-work of weeds in which the unhappy Newfoundland was caught, as if in a snare, rose directly beneath an opening in the ledge of rock, which poured an incessant stream of foaming water on Mervyn's head. The poor beast, half-suffocated, ceased making the slightest effort to loose his bonds, and his plaintive bark took the strangled sound of the death-rattle. At this moment, Mlle. Marguérite seized my arm, and said in a low tone, almost in my ear: 'He is lost, come away, Sir. Let us go.' I looked at her. Grief, anguish, and necessity were working violently in her pale features, and forming a hollow livid ring beneath her eyes.

'There is no way,' I said, 'of getting the boat down here; but, if you will allow me, I can swim a little, and I will go and hold out a paw to this gentleman.'

'No, no, do n't try. It is a great distance. And besides, I have always heard that the stream was deep and dangerous under the fall.'

'Make yourself easy, Mademoiselle: I am prudent.' At the same time I threw my jacket on the grass, and stepped into the little lake, taking the precaution to keep at a certain distance from the fall. The water was really very deep, for I found no footing except at the moment when I came near the suffering Mervyn. I do not know if some little island were formerly there, and has been loosened or undermined gradually, or if a rise of the river has swept away and lodged in that channel, fragments torn off from the bank; but it is certain that a thick net-work of briers and roots lies hid under those treacherous waters, and thrives there. I placed my feet on one of the stems from which the bushes seem to rise, and managed to free Mervyn, who recovered all his strength immediately he became master of his mo-

tions, and made use of it without delay to swim to the bank, abandoning me with all his heart. This proceeding was in little conformity with the chivalrous reputation ascribed to his species; but good Mervyn has lived much among men, and I suppose he has become a bit of a philosopher. When I would have taken a start to follow him, I discovered with annoyance that I was caught in my turn, in the net of the jealous and mischievous water-nymph, who apparently reigns over these channels. One of my legs was entangled in some knots of weeds which I vainly tried to break through. Deep water with a slimy bottom is not the place to exert all one's strength with comfort; I was, moreover, half-blinded by the continual spray of the foaming waterfall. In short, I felt that my position was becoming equivocal. I cast my eyes on the bank: Mlle. Marguérite, hanging on Alain's arm, was leaning over the gulf, and fixing on me a look of deadly anxiety. I said to myself that it now perhaps only rested with me to be wept for by those beautiful eyes, and to put an enviable termination to a wretched existence. Then I shook off the weak thought; a violent effort set me free. I tied around my neck the little handkerchief, which was all in shreds, and peacefully reached the bank.

As I landed, Mlle. Marguérite gave me her hand, which trembled a little. That seemed sweet to me. 'What madness!' she said, 'what madness! you might have lost your life! and for a dog!' 'It was yours,' I replied in a half-whisper, as she had spoken to me. The word seemed to vex her; she abruptly withdrew her hand, and turning to Mervyn, who was yawning and drying himself in the sun, she began to beat him: 'Oh! the fool! the great fool!' she said. 'How stupid he is!'

Meanwhile I was dripping on the grass like a watering-pot, and did not quite know what to do with myself, when the young girl returned to me, and kindly went on to say: 'Monsieur Maxime, take the boat and go home very quickly. You will get a little warmth again as you row. I can return with Alain through the wood: the way is shorter.' As this arrangement seemed to me most suitable on all accounts, I made no objection to it. I took my leave, had for the second time the pleasure of touching the hand of Mervyn's mistress, and threw myself into the boat.

Returned home, I was surprised, while dressing, to find round my neck the little torn handkerchief, which I had entirely forgotten to give back to Mlle. Marguérite. She certainly thought it was lost, and I decided without any scruple to appropriate it, as the prize of my watery tournament.

In the evening I went to the chateau. Mlle. Laroque received me with that air of disdainful indolence, gloomy abstractedness, and bitter *ennui*, which habitually marks her, and which now formed a striking

contrast to the graceful pleasantry and hearty liveliness of my companion of this morning. At dinner M. de Bévallan being present, she spoke of our excursion, as if to take away any mystery from it; aimed, as she went along, some brief sarcasms at the cleverness of lovers of nature, and then ended by telling of Mervyn's accident; but she suppressed in this last episode every thing about me. If this reserve was intended, as I think, to set the tune for my own discretion, the young lady gave herself very useless trouble. However that may be, M. de Bévallan, on hearing the story, deafened us with his cries of despair. 'What! Mlle. Marguérite had endured that long suspense, the brave Mervyn had run that danger, and he, Bévallan, was not by! Fatality! he should never console himself for it; nothing was left him now, except to hang himself, like Crillon!' 'Well! if there was nobody but me to cut him down,' said old Alain to me in the evening when conducting me home, 'I'd take my time about it!'

Yesterday did not begin so pleasantly for me as the day before. I received in the morning a letter from Madrid, instructing me to inform Mlle. de Porhoët of the decisive loss of her suit. Her lawyer told me, moreover, that the family against whom she brought the suit does not seem likely to profit by its victory, for it is now engaged in a struggle with the Crown, which bestirred itself at the sound of these millions, and maintains that the disputed inheritance belongs to it as an escheat. After long reflection it seemed to me that it would be a charity to conceal from my old neighbor the utter ruin of her hopes. I therefore purpose to secure the complicity of her Spanish agent; he will make the excuse of fresh delays; on my side, I will continue to ransack her archives, and in short do my best to enable the poor woman to continue to cherish her dear illusions to her latest day. However legitimate may be the character of this deceit, I still felt the need of having it sanctioned by some delicate conscience. I went to the chateau in the afternoon, and made my confession to Madame Laroque; she approved of my plan, and even praised me for it more than the occasion seemed to me to demand. It was not without great surprise that I heard our conversation terminated by these words: 'It is now time to tell you, sir, that I am deeply grateful to you for your attentions, and that I feel every day more taste for your company, and more respect for yourself. I would wish, sir — I beg your pardon for it, as you can scarcely share my desire — I could wish that we should never part. I humbly beseech heaven to do all the miracles that may be wanted for that end; for miracles would be needed, I do not disguise it from myself.' I could not grasp the exact meaning of this language, any more than I could account for the sudden emotion which shone in the eyes of this excellent woman. I thanked her suitably, and went to carry my sorrowfulness out into the field.

Chance, and by no means a strange chance, to speak frankly, led me, at the end of an hour's walking, into the secluded valley, and to the brink of the pool which had been the theatre of my recent prowess. The circle of foliage and rock, which incloses this little lake, realizes the very ideal of solitude. There you are really at the end of the world, in a virgin country, in China, where you will. I stretched myself on the heather, and went over in imagination the whole of my promenade of the day before, which is one of those that do not occur twice in the course of the longest life. I felt already that a similar piece of good fortune, should it ever be offered me again, would not possess nearly the same charm of unexpectedness, of serenity, and, in a word, of innocence. I had good need to tell myself, that this fresh romance of youth, which now perfumed my thoughts, could have but one chapter, but one single page; and I had read it. Yes, this hour, this hour of love, to give it its true name, had been supremely sweet, because it was unforeseen, because I had not thought of giving it a name until I had exhausted it, because I had enjoyed the intoxication of it without blame! Now, my consciousness was awakened; I saw myself on the incline of a love that was impossible, absurd — nay, worse, culpable: it was time to watch over myself, poor disinherited man that I am!

I was giving myself this advice in this lonely place, and it would not have been specially needful to go there for that purpose, when a hum of voices roused me from my abstraction. I rose, and saw coming toward me a company of five or six persons, who had just stepped out of a boat. First came Mlle. Marguérite, leaning on M. de Bévallan's arm; then Mademoiselle Hélouin and Mme. Aubry, followed by Alain and Mervyn. The sound of their approach had been covered by the rumbling of the falling water; they were but two paces off, I had no time to beat a retreat, and I had to be resigned to the annoyance of being surprised in the attitude of a *dilettante* hermit. My presence here could, however, awake no particular attention; only I thought I saw a trace of displeasure flit over Mlle. Marguérite's brow, and she returned my greeting with marked stiffness.

M. de Bévallan, standing on the brink of the pool, for some time wearied the echoes with the common-place clamor of his admiration: 'Delicious! picturesque! what a tasteful spot! The pen of George Sand; the pencil of Salvator Rosa!' The whole accompanied with energetic gestures, which seemed to snatch from these two great artists in turn the instruments of their genius. At length he grew calm, and had pointed out to him the dangerous channel in which Mervyn had nearly perished. Mlle. Marguérite told the story again, still observing, however, the same discretion with regard to the part I had taken in the issue. She even dwelt with a kind of cruelty, relatively to me, on the ability, courage, and presence of mind which, according to her,

her dog had displayed in this heroic affair. She apparently fancied that her momentary kindness, and the service I had been so fortunate as to render her, must have sent up to my brain some fumes of presumption which it was important to drive down again. Still, as Mlle. Hélouin and Mme. Aubry showed an eager desire to see Mervyn's highly-boasted exploits repeated before their eyes, the young girl called the Newfoundland and threw her handkerchief into the stream of the river, as on the day before; but at this signal the brave Mervyn, instead of plunging into the lake, ran along the bank, coming and going with a terrified air, barking furiously, wagging his tail, and in short giving a thousand proofs of a powerful interest, but at the same time of an excellent memory. Reason decidedly rules the heart in that animal. In vain, Mlle. Marguérite, angry and confounded, employed caresses and threats by turns to overcome the obstinacy of her favorite; nothing could persuade the intelligent beast to intrust his precious person again to those terrible waters. After such pompous announcements, the stubborn prudence of the dauntless Mervyn had really something droll about it. I had a better right than any one to laugh at it, I think, and did not blame myself for doing so. However, the mirth soon became general, and Mlle. Marguérite at length joined in it herself, though but slightly.

'And after all that,' she said, 'there is another handkerchief lost!'

The handkerchief, swept away by the constant motion of the eddy, had naturally been stranded in the branches of the fatal bush, at a very short distance from the opposite bank.

'Trust to me, Mademoiselle,' cried M. de Bévallan, 'in ten minutes you shall have your handkerchief, or I shall exist no longer!'

I fancied that Mademoiselle Marguérite, on this magnanimous declaration, furtively darted at me an expressive look, as if to say: 'You see that devotion is not so rare around me!' Then she replied to M. de Bévallan. 'For God's sake, do n't do any thing mad! The water is very deep. There is real danger.'

'It is perfectly the same to me,' replied M. de Bévallan. 'Alain, you ought to have a knife about you.'

'A knife?' Mlle. Marguérite repeated, in a tone of surprise.

'Yes. Leave me alone, leave me alone!'

'But what do you propose to do with a knife?'

'I propose to cut a switch,' said M. de Bévallan.

The young girl looked at him steadily. 'I thought,' she muttered, 'you were going to swim?'

'To swim!' said M. de Bévallan; 'excuse me, Mademoiselle. In the first place, I am not in swimming-costume; and then, I will confess that I do n't know how to swim.'

'If you do n't know how to swim,' the young girl replied, in a dry

tone, 'it matters little enough whether you are in swimming-costume or not.'

'That is perfectly correct,' said M. de Bévallan, with amusing calmness, 'but you do n't particularly insist on my being drowned, do you? You want your handkerchief, that is your object. As soon as I have attained it, you will be satisfied: is n't it so?'

'Very well! go,' said the young girl resignedly; 'go and cut your switch, Sir.'

M. de Bévallan, who is not easily put out of countenance, hereupon disappeared in an adjoining thicket, where we heard for a moment the creaking of branches; then he returned, armed with a long nut-stem, which he began to strip of its leaves.

'You do n't calculate on reaching the other bank with that stick,' said Mlle. Marguerite, whose gayety was plainly beginning to awake.

'Leave me alone, leave me alone, I beg!'

said the imperturbable gentleman in reply.

He was left alone! He finished preparing his switch, and then walked toward the boat. We now understood that his plan was to cross the stream in the boat above the fall, and, once on the other bank, to harpoon the handkerchief, which was at no great distance from it. On this discovery, there was nothing but a cry of indignation from the group; ladies being generally, as is known, very fond of dangerous adventures — for other people.

'A fine invention, indeed! Fie, fie, Monsieur de Bévallan!'

'Gently, gently, ladies! It is like Christopher Columbus and the egg. The thing was, to think of it.'

And yet, contrary to all expectation, this expedition, apparently so peaceful, was not to end without emotion, nor without danger. M. de Bévallan, in place of reaching the other bank directly opposite the little recess in which the boat was moored, conceived the unlucky idea of going down to some point nearer to the water-fall. He accordingly pushed the boat off into the middle of the current, and then let it drift for a moment; but he was not long in finding out that in the neighborhood of the fall, the stream, as if attracted by the gulf and seized with dizziness, quickened its speed with an uneasy rapidity. We had a revelation of the danger in seeing him suddenly turn the boat, and begin to ply the oars with feverish energy. He struggled against the current for some seconds with very doubtful success. Still he was gradually nearing the opposite side, although the drifting of the boat continued to hurry him on with terrific impetuosity toward the falls, the threatening din of which must then have been filling his ears. He was now but a few feet from the brink, when a tremendous effort carried him near enough to the shore for his safety at least to be secured. He then took a vigorous spring, and leaped on the slope of the bank, in

spite of himself kicking away the abandoned boat, which was immediately upset over the ledge, and floated about the pool, keel uppermost.

As long as the peril lasted we had no other feeling in looking on the scene, than one of lively anxiety; but as soon as our minds were set at rest, they were of course vividly penetrated with the contrast offered by the issue of the adventure to the usual coolness and assurance of him who was the hero of it. Moreover, laughter is as easy as it is natural after alarm has been successfully calmed down. Accordingly, there was not one among us who did not give way to unrestrained mirth, as soon as we saw M. de Bévallon out of the boat. It must be told how, at this very moment, his misfortune was completed by a truly afflicting circumstance. The bank for which he had made a leap offered a steep, wet, sloping surface; he had no sooner set foot on it than he slipped, and fell back again; some solid branches were luckily within his reach, and he fastened both hands on them with frenzy, while his legs worked about like a pair of oars in the water, not however of any depth, which washed the bank. Every shadow of danger having now vanished, the sight of this struggle was simply laughable, and I suppose this cruel thought infused into M. de Bévallon's efforts an awkward haste which delayed his success. He succeeded, however, in raising himself up and getting fresh foothold on the slope: then suddenly we saw him slip again, tearing away the brambles, and he began once more, with evident despair, his irregular pantomime in the water. It was positively impossible to restrain one's self. Mlle. Marguérite, I fancy, had never seen such fun. She had utterly lost any care about her dignity, and, like a nymph intoxicated with the grape, she filled the air with the outbursts of her almost convulsive joy. She clapped her hands together while she laughed, shouting with a spasmodic voice: 'Bravo! bravo! Monsieur de Bévallon! very pretty! delicious! picturesque! Salvator Rosa!'

M. de Bévallon had, however, at length lifted himself upon firm ground; when he turned towards the ladies, and addressed them in a speech which the roar of the fall did not allow to be distinctly heard; but by his animated gestures, by the descriptive movements of his arms, and by the awkward smile on his face, we could understand that he was giving us an apologetic explanation of his disaster.

'Yes, Sir, yes,' Mlle. Marguérite replied, continuing to laugh with the implacable cruelty of a woman, 'it is an excellent success, a very excellent success! Congratulate yourself on it.'

When she had become somewhat serious again, she asked me about the means of recovering the boat that had been upset, which, by the way, is the best in our flotilla. I promised to return the next day with some workmen, and preside over its rescue; then we took our

way gayly across the meadows in the direction of the chateau, while M. de Bévallan, not being in swimming costume, had to give up the idea of joining us again, and hid himself with a melancholy air behind the rocks that skirt the other bank.

PALMER'S MARBLE MEDALLIONS.

MORNING.

Up from the ebon portals
Of the mysterious Night —
Up to the gates celestial
To greet the god of light :

Up with thy brow of beauty,
Thy glad, exulting eye,
Chasing the last star-lingerer
Off from thy Orient sky :

Through the blue empyrean
Soaring with tireless wing ;
Leading, perchance, the chorus
The starry minstrels sing :

Filling the earth with joyance,
Thou wingest thy heavenward way :
Angel of Morn, we bless thee !
Thou bringest the radiant Day.

EVENING.

SILENTLY, slowly sinking
From heaven's unmeasured height,
Thy amber tresses tingeing
The west with golden light :

With wings half-folded, lingering
On the still, slumberous air,
Peace to the troubled bringing —
Peace to the brow of care :

Thou art the pensive seraph
Seen by the watching soul ;
Softening the dazzling curtain
That hides the star-writ scroll.

Veiled in the purple twilight,
Thou wingest thy earthward flight :
Angel of Eve, we bless thee !
Thou bringest the holy Night.

O glorious Art ! thou smitest
With thine enchanter's rod,
And Beauty from the marble
Springs to interpret God.

THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

How it did rain! Not a fine, thin, winter drizzle; but a great splashing, sounding, unceasing pour. The grass, in the misty light, lay dark and bruised; the rose-trees trembled, and shook off the heavy drops; little streams formed themselves at the sides of the gravel-walks, and ran along like tiny rivers; and, as a woman came and leaned against the window-panes, the wind blew a fitful gust, dashed the water upon the glass, and dimmed her view still more. It was a dreary sight. There should have been a full December moon; but the gray, dingy clouds veiled the entire heavens, and you only guessed how bright it might have been, from the opaque light that showed the landscape so indistinctly.

How beautiful the scene, had the moon fulfilled what the almanac promised! The veranda, with its vine-draped pillars, the subdued tone of the cottage itself, (built of brown stone,) the nicely-kept, well-filled garden which surrounded it, and the still, calm, well-bred repose which characterized the whole place. Then, as the moon won her radiant way up the blue skies, I am sure the mistress of this pretty mansion would have sat at least for five minutes upon the upper step of the veranda, resting her chin upon her bended wrist in that attitude of listless thought habitual to her. Moon-light, roses, a pensive woman — there is a picture, none the less attractive because we all may see it, and have seen it, and hope to see it again a thousand times.

Now, she only mused beside the closed casement, and watched the rain as it fell, with a wearied, indifferent gaze.

‘Any hope, Sylvia?’

‘None, dear.’

‘Must we give it up?’

‘Yes.’

‘How very provoking! Of all evenings of this season! Of all nights of the year, to rain in this way! To have had day after day of sunshine, night after night of beautiful weather, and then! Oh! how very provoking!’

The speaker came to the window too: she formed a striking contrast to Sylvia. She was all impetuosity and sparkling grace: pretty, vivacious, smiling, (except that she was frowning now,) restless, hopeful.

Sylvia put her full white arm around the young lady’s waist, and laid the impatient head upon her soft, snowy shoulder.

'Take care my love, you will crush my flowers; but what does that matter now — we must give up the ball — so 'take me, Clifford;' and back went the chestnut curls to their sweet resting-place.

At the trite quotation, Sylvia started slightly; but she smoothed the rosy cheek caressingly, and smiled as she asked: 'Are you very, very much disappointed, Olivia?'

'Of course I am. Is not that a question to ask? Really, extremes do meet. When you wish a positively stupid remark, seek it from a clever woman. Disappointed! would I not have been the belle of this ball? Is not Ralph Wilmot to be there? Does n't he dance like a French angel? Is not Mary Parker, whom I detest, frantic to attract him, and would he look at her, if I looked at him? Would I not have eclipsed the whole room, and is not my dress perfect? Disappointed, indeed!'

'What admirable reasons!'

'Oh! sneer, if you choose, Mrs. George Augustus Sutherland! Because you are married, and a 'superior woman,' and never cared for any man on earth, and are worshipped at a distance, like the Grand Lama, you presume *du haut de votre grandeur* to look down upon such petty triumphs and fancies. And with a husband who adores you, you can afford to despise all the world, except your own, as you call this poor, pretty, rain-be-draggled possession.'

Sylvia Sutherland removed the pettish little head from her shoulder, as gently as she had placed it there, and two large tears were dropping from her grave eyes as she turned away.

'Forgive me, darling,' cried Olivia, springing toward her friend: 'have I said any thing to wound you, Sylvia? Forgive me pray.'

'It is nothing, nothing now, my dear. I am sorry, too, that you should be debarred from an entertainment which no doubt would have been very pleasant to you. I am too old now — that is what ails me.'

'Too old! You are barely thirty. You are so much admired, so much sought after. When I said that I would have been the belle of the room, I meant only the *single* belle — you are the full chime, and *ring* me into insignificance, whenever you deign to let yourself out.'

'Thank you, pretty flatterer.'

'Why *are* you so indifferent, Sylvia? You look upon all men and women with such ill-concealed scorn sometimes; you receive a compliment or an attention with freezing nonchalance; your beautiful eyes pass over the countenance of your acquaintance with neither smile nor frown. You are gentle and kind to me — often affectionate; but I see you so to no one else.'

A deep shade settled far in the depths of those glorious eyes.

'I have no faith, no belief left, Olivia. Compliments and attentions give me no pleasure, because they convey no truth to my mind. I go

into a ball-room; I receive in my own house; I pay visits; I am surrounded on these occasions by perhaps dozens of people, who may make me dozens of pretty speeches; but I am perfectly aware, as some woman said before my time, and as some woman may say after me, that 'were it the fashion to burn me, and I at the stake, I do n't know ten of my *friends* who would refuse to throw on a fagot.'

'O Sylvia!'

'Yes, Olivia! There was a time, little one, when my foolish heart yearned for almost universal sympathy. I liked every body, I believed in every body. The veriest simpleton could have gulled me. I wished to be popular, I wished to be loved. Where I felt deeply, I exacted deep feeling in return. I lavished my affection. I frittered it away. I had neither tact nor discernment. At one moment I gave a child-like faith, and then, if deceived, I was morbidly sensitive and doubting; but still I went on, sometimes wounded, sometimes having the blood staunch and the scar healed over, by the wine and oil of fancied sympathy. Then, one day, came the reaction, and from the ashes of my buried hopes, from the wreck of all in which I believed, to which I clung, arose the woman that you see — cold, calm, scornful, cynical, wretched — no, not wretched. That belonged to my former state; for if, when I had a heart, it sometimes beat with deceitful happiness, it oftener paid for that short throb of bliss with hours of crushing misery. To the death-like calm in which I pass my days, come no joys; but no biting sorrow racks me.'

'But even if compliments and attentions are not offered from just the motive that would seem to prompt them,' said Olivia timidly, after a pause, 'at least they prove one's power; and if sincerity were to be the ruling spirit of society, we might as well live in that very uncomfortable Palace of Truth.'

'There is much sense in what you say, and it would be alike disagreeable and absurd for one to run about the world crying out, 'Now, tell me honestly what you think of me;' but believe me, Olivia, that when the lessons of kindred, friends, and the world teach you that such as you hoped to find them, they are not, retire within your shell, smother your own feelings, live within yourself, and you will be, in the end, more pleasing to them and to yourself. I am more popular as I now am, 'the stately Sutherland,' as your admirer, Ralph Wilmot, calls me, than when I —. There is another rule of action I might have pursued; perhaps without intending it, it is the one I do pursue. 'Use people like sucked oranges,' said a person once to me, 'it is my way. Squeeze them dry, so long as they are juicy and pleasant, and fling them aside when they are exhausted. You may soil your fingers with the peel, or your lips may smart with the essential oil; but no matter: do n't notice it till you have extracted the last drop.' I re-

member saying indignantly: 'I would rather be the squeezed orange myself.' I know better now.'

'I wish the 'person' who uttered that sentiment had found them all bitter oranges.'

'She did not, my dear. I think she was popular, and found a great many oranges.'

'I think she must have been horrid. How it does rain! Tell me, Sylvia, what shall we do, to pass this tiresome evening?'

'Just what we did last evening — chat, drink tea, sing a little, read aloud a little, and go to bed peacefully and calmly,' answered Mrs. Sutherland with a slight smile.

'Pooh!' and Olivia shrugged her shoulders and made a grimace of discontent. She paced the drawing-room with capricious motions, now marching like a tragedy-queen, now taking mincing steps; twice she paused before the mirror, and settled her wreath, and spread out her light white skirts, and smoothed her rippling hair. Then she turned to the piano, and struck a few bars, skipping from note to note like a bird upon its perch, or humming all the most lugubrious airs that seemed best suited to her frame of mind.

Meanwhile Sylvia staid at the window, and the night darkened a little, and then came a low, distant peal of thunder.

Olivia started up.

'I can't stand that.'

She rang for lights, and the servant lit the astral lamp, and the cheerful glow within the room soon put to flight the sombre fancies of the gay girl.

She drew out a pile of letters from the vase on the mantel-piece, where she had hidden them, and began to read extracts and to jest about the writers, and to talk scornfully of the *bal manqué*.

'After all, Sylvia, love, we are very comfortable here. This is a pretty house, to be sure. I like the chintz of your curtains and coverings vastly, for the country. You are snug, and not snobbish. Then you *are* in the country, and yet not solitary. That is a great thing. Oh! what a flash of lightning! Sylvia, pray come from that window. Sylvia!'

'Well?'

Mrs. Sutherland did not move, and Olivia drew her round with gentle force. The tears were dried; but the gloom remained.

'You are *maussade*,' said Olivia. 'Dearest, if my efforts to be gay displease you, or jar upon your feelings, just say so. I thought it was praiseworthy and proper to enliven your sadness; but I should far prefer sympathizing with you, if sympathy you need or desire.'

'You are a good child. I cannot shake off the dark shadow to-night. This heavy rain, which comes beating down with resistless

force, this thunder-charged atmosphere, this gloomy 'war of elements,' awaken thoughts and recollections which sweep over me, oppress me, and will have their sway. I cannot command them. I am weak to-night.'

Olivia silently pressed her hand; Sylvia suddenly turned and fixed a searching look upon her. Her lips partly opened, as if about to speak; she hesitated, and then said abruptly: 'This day is an anniversary —'

The noiseless tread of the butler, as he opened the door and prepared the tea-table, broke off the sentence.

The grand-looking hostess poured out the tea, and served her pretty guest with calm gravity.

What weight there is in these domestic details! How many a face, a moment before bathed in tears, has looked up with composure, when a footman respectfully presented a note or message; and how many a voice, choked with emotion, has struggled into calmness under the same important coercion! A woman is not an actress because she exhibits these transitions. What her own will, her own wish, could not accomplish, the dread of ridicule or vulgar curiosity would render possible.

While the servant remained in the room, their conversation was on indifferent topics; but no sooner had the silver kettle been carried off and the cosy little tea-board returned to its former position, than Olivia threw herself on the sofa by her friend, and softly asked, (quoting :) 'This day is an anniversary?'

'Are you discreet, Olivia?'

'I do not know. I have never been tried.'

'Did you ever keep a secret?'

'I never had one that was worth keeping. I profoundly despise 'baby dismals' and 'mysterious trifles,' crying over all sorts of stuff, which I class as one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines did, under the title of 'Sorrows of My Lord Plumcake,' and having tremendous confidences with some empty-headed simpleton, whose time as well as yours could not be worse employed. But tell me a sorrow which deserves the name, and which should not be lightly spoken of, and I shall feel the sympathy I may not be able to express, and keep it sacred as my honor.'

'Well spoken,' said Sylvia; 'and if I should offer to tell you a story which you must never repeat, do you think that it will prove to be from the *répertoire* of 'my Lord Plumcake,' and treat it accordingly?'

'I do not, and I shall not.'

Mrs. Sutherland mused for a moment, and then reaching out her hand, drew toward her a desk of *marqueterie*, each of whose enameled pictures was a gem.

She pressed upon a spring beneath the lowest medallion, and there appeared a key-hole. On her chatelaine was a tiny key — the drawer flew open, and there lay a manuscript closely written.

Olivia's eyes sparkled.

Sylvia sighed heavily as she slowly turned over several leaves. Her companion asked no questions, except with her eager look.

'This is my writing, dear. There is no attempt at authorship; that is, I 'tell the tale' just as is easiest for me. It concerns one whom I knew very well. The names are changed, lest, by accident, these pages should fall into other hands, and you will not be less interested because she of whom I write as 'Helen,' never answered to that name. It was a dreary pleasure I took in transcribing these pages.'

'Do I know Helen?'

'I think not.'

'She is alive?'

'After a fashion.'

'I am so much obliged to you. I am all impatience. And this is the anniversary——'

'Of the saddest events in a simple life-drama, which I shall call —

'THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.'

THERE was not a more beautiful avenue of trees in all the world than that which led to the front entrance of Oaklevel. They were very old — they met over-head, and enlaced themselves with wreaths of moss: the sun-light came flickering through the branches, and fell stealthily and tremblingly upon the clean, smooth ground. Little heaps of dead leaves lay here and there, scattered by each breath of the December breeze, and forming their tiny mounds in fresh places, as the wind trundled them along.

On a fine, bright morning, some years since, two persons were slowly pacing up and down this grand, majestic walk. They were both young, and both were handsome. She was blonde, and he a dark, grave-looking man.

'Nelly, I do n't like flirts.'

'Yes, you do — you like me, do n't you?'

'I do n't like your flirting.'

'What do you call flirting? If I am to be serious, and answer your questions, and admit your reproofs and heed them — pray begin by answering me a little. Where and when do I flirt?'

'Every where, and at all times.'

'Be more particular, if you please. Name, Sir, name.'

'I am not jesting, Nelly. Yesterday, at that pic-nic, you talked in a whisper to John Ford; you wore Ned Laurens' flowers stuck in your belt-ribbon; you danced two waltzes with that idiot, Percy Forest;

and you sat for a full hour *tête-à-tête* with Walter James, and then rode home with him. I wish he had broken his neck, — him ;' and a low muttered curse ended the catalogue.

'If he had broken his neck, very probably he would have cracked mine, so thank you ; and please, Harry, don't swear. It is such an ungentlemanly habit. I wonder that you should have it. And now for the list of my errors and crimes. The mysterious whisper to John Ford, was to ask him if he would not invite Miss Ellis to dance : I had noticed that no one had yet done so. You gave me no flowers, although your sister's garden is full of them this week, so I very naturally wore Ned Laurens' *galanterie* in the shape of half-a-dozen rose-buds. Percy Forest may be a goose, but he waltzes, certainly, with clever feet. One of those waltzes I had offered early in the day to you, and you said that you preferred a polka. Walter James is an old friend of mine, and for the matter of that, of yours too. We talked very soberly : I think that his most desperate speech was the original discovery that I have pretty blonde ringlets, and when he falls in love, it shall be with a woman who has curls like mine. You best know whether papa allows me to drive with you, since our accident : my choice lay between a stuffy, stupid carriage, full of dull people, and a nice breezy drive in an open wagon with a good, jolly creature like Walter, whom you and I know to be, despite his compliments to my Eve-like coloring, *éperdument amoureux* of Mary Turner's dark beauty. Now, Harry, have not you been unreasonable ?'

'How can I help being so, Nelly, darling, when I am kept in this state of misery ?' answered Harry, whose frowning brow had gradually smoothed itself into a more placable expression. 'What man on earth could patiently endure seeing the woman he adores free to be sought by every one — feeling himself bound to her, body and soul, and yet not be able to claim her in the slightest way — made to pass his life in solitary wretchedness, because an old lady and gentleman are too selfish —'

'Hush, hush, Harry : you are forgetting. I am very young : papa and mamma think me too young to bind myself by any engagement.'

'It is not that. They choose to keep you as long as they can, moldering with themselves in this old house.'

'Harry !'

'Or else, it is I whom they dislike, and refuse to receive as a son. Too young ! — why, you are nineteen. It is an infamous shame.'

'I will not speak to you, if you go on in this way. You know just as well as I do, what their reasons are. My poor sister Emily made a love-match at eighteen, and died, broken hearted, at twenty-three. Her husband was a violent, jealous man, who gave her neither peace nor valuable affection. He looked upon her as a pretty toy, petted

her, and was raging if a gentleman spoke more than ten words by her side, so long as her beauty and novelty lasted. Her health failed, her delicate loveliness departed, and with these went his worthless passion. I was a mere child then—the last living blossom of a long garland of household flowers—when my father laid his beloved Emily in her early grave. I stood by his great-chair that sad evening, in my little black gown, when he returned from the funeral; and he placed his hands upon my head, and made a vow that, never, with his consent, should his only remaining darling follow in the steps of the lost one. ‘No man shall have her, who has not proved himself worthy to win her. As Jacob served Laban shall her future husband serve for her, if it please God that she live, and that she have suitors.’ Day by day, year by year, he has but strengthened himself in this determination; and when, last spring, you applied to him for my hand, he told you frankly, that if you had patience to wait, and were convinced of the strength of our mutual attachment, on my twenty-third birth-day you might claim a Mrs. Harry Trevor from his fire-side.’

‘But, Nelly, four years to wait!—and all because poor Mrs. Vernon had weak lungs—forgive me, dearest Helen, dearest Helen.’ But Helen walked on and away from him with proper indignation.

With impatient strides he passed her, just as they reached the lawn which bordered the avenue and surrounded the house. Extending his arms to bar her passage: ‘Listen to me, my own dear Nelly,’ he pleaded. ‘I was wrong to say that; but you cannot understand, my angel, how furious and intractable I become, when I think of those four years, those forty-eight months, those incalculable days between this time and the blessed moment when I shall be sure of you.’

‘If you are not sure of me now, you do not fancy that you will be any more so then, do you?’ asked Helen gravely; but she permitted him to lead her away from the stone steps that she was about mounting, and back to the quiet alley under the old oaks.

He drew her arm through his, gently stroking her gloved hand as it rested in his own.

‘If there is no truth and belief between us to-day, there will be none then,’ Helen pursued. ‘I am, in the sight of HEAVEN, by my own free will and wish, your affianced wife. All the priests on earth would not make me more so, in spirit, than I am now. But I respect my father’s wishes and feelings: and you must do so too,’ she added, lifting her eyes with such a lovely look of tenderness, that Harry, as he pressed the hand with renewed fervor, murmured a blessing in quite a different tone from the one which he had devoted to the now forgotten Walter James.

He glanced around, and was about to seal his happiness upon the dainty pink lips, smiling so sweetly and confidently; but Helen,

blushing and laughing, said: 'Take care: papa is reading yesterday's paper at the left-hand window of the dining-room, and I think if one eye is deciding upon the political crisis, the other is directed this way.'

'We are watched, then!' exclaimed Trevor passionately, all his short-lived good-humor again flown. 'This is worse and worse.'

Helen looked at her lover with a calm, searching expression in her blue eyes: 'Perhaps papa is right. He has a terror of violent men, and he may like to see if you are always as mild as he sees you in his presence.'

Trevor bit his lip and stamped his foot impatiently. Helen hummed a tune and settled her belt-ribbon with one hand, while she played the notes she was murmuring on the young gentleman's coat-sleeve with the other.

He let the mischievous fingers slide through his arm, and 'thought it was going to rain, and he had better be thinking of his ride to the city.'

Nelly looked up at the blue heavens, where not a speck of a cloud was visible, and gravely congratulated him on a weather-wisdom, which was equally rare and incomprehensible.

'But your season, my dear Harry, is always April: sunshine and storm succeed so rapidly, that you can never take in the unbroken calm of this—December, for instance. Beside, I thought you were to stay all night with us? I know mamma expects you to do so.'

'I am very much obliged,' said Mr. Trevor haughtily, 'I have business in town.'

'Clients? court sitting?' asked Nelly, innocently and demurely, lifting her pretty eye-brows.

'No. There is a party at Lou Wilson's, and I half-promised to go. We are to try some new figures of the German.'

'Indeed,' Nelly's eyes flashed, and the color stole up deeper to her cheek. 'I won't detain you.'

She bowed and turned from him, with a cold good-morning. Her heart was beating, and the tears were very near, but she managed to still the one, and send back the others, so as to say indifferently over her shoulder: 'Should you see Walter James, pray tell him that I shall be happy to learn that accompaniment by this evening; and as there is a moon, (in spite of your storm,) he can ride out after business hours, and practise the song. But, however, I won't trouble you—mamma is to send a servant to Mrs. James' some time to-day, and I will write a note.'

'I think it will be useless. He is going to Miss Wilson's.'

'Not if he can come here, I fancy,' said the wilful little beauty with a significant tone; and then repeating her cool 'good-by—let us see you soon,' she sauntered into the house, elaborately pausing to pick

off some dead leaves from the geraniums that were sunning themselves on the broad steps by which she entered.

Thus parted two foolish children — one of whom had a moment before expressed the most overwhelming passion, and the other had avowed herself 'in the sight of Heaven, his affianced wife!'

As might be conjectured, these scenes were not infrequent. Helen was pretty, coquettish, much admired. She was more brilliant than her lover, and had a tender heart, which was in very earnest given to him; but she had been spoiled and flattered a good deal: she was conscious of her own real devotion to Harry, and provoked when he was causelessly jealous. She felt in her own way quite as much disturbed by her father's determination as Harry did. It was hard not to see him, except twice a week or so; particularly as, while he had the city in which to entertain himself, and his business to occupy him, she spent her winters almost entirely in the country, and her summers at the sea-shore. True, the 'country' was but eight miles from the 'city,' and the roads were excellent; but papa could not allow the horses to travel sixteen miles every day, nor could Mr. Harry Trevor mount his thorough-bred mare every evening, and with a small parcel of brushes, etc., flatly packed under his over-coat, present himself at Mrs. Latimer's hospitable tea-table, with decided intentions of 'not going home till morning.'

So Harry fretted, and Helen was often naughty. She could not always have the patience to soothe his temper; but if he accused her of coquetry and of indifference, she was very apt to begin the one and to pretend the other. Walter James was his cause of offence generally, and her weapon of aggressive defence; while on the opposite side, Miss Lou Wilson held this honorable position.

Mr. Latimer saw with pain, and yet he was not quite hopeless, that this love, deep and strong as it was, promised no abiding happiness to his treasured darling.

'The boy loves her,' he would say to his wife, who was a warm partisan of Harry, 'no doubt he loves her, but he will never either make her happy or be so himself. Nelly needs a firm, strong, kind hand to guide her until she can guide herself. No violence, no anger, nor yet carried away by her pretty petulance, to pass over the ground of offence for the sake of the offender, but a judicious, warm-hearted, amiable man, who will neither treat her like a plaything nor a slave.'

'Oh! of course, my dear, you only want perfection for Nelly, and poor Harry Trevor can't please you. He pleases the child though, that's one comfort.'

'He don't please her — she loves him — but he does not please her. He brings out her worst qualities, and she brings out his. They don't act happily upon each other. Either of them would be better off with

some body else. Harry should seek a calm, quiet, submissive little woman, with charm enough to make him love her, while she just unquestioningly adores him — with not a grain of 'spirit,' nor a spark of intellectual 'fire,' who would do what he bid her: yes, I will bring it about — or else a cold-blooded, calculating, smooth-spoken, serene woman like Claudia Leslie. Yes — I'll have that girl to pay us a visit —'

'Dear! Mr. Latimer, how can you talk so! Claudia shan't come here to make mischief between her cousin and poor Harry. Do let the children alone, will you? You are going to make them wait four years — let things take their course — do.'

Mrs. Latimer was very fond of letting things take their course; she was thoroughly amiable, and really attached to Trevor. She believed in the 'children's, deep-rooted love, and she did not wish to have them worried. She exerted all her influence, therefore, to keep matters in their present train, and such conversations as the above, with slight variations, frequently took place between her husband and herself, resulting in no step of any kind.

Meanwhile, I have left Nelly, snipping away at the geraniums, her broad-leafed hat hiding her down-cast face, and exhibiting in her absorbed horticultural interest, not the slightest care or attention for the angry lover who stalked off to the stables to order his horse.

Mr. Latimer sat reading in the embrasure of the window, with his newspaper held in a line with his nose.

Presently, up the back-steps, which faced the entrance and had no break in its view down the long hall, but the heavy staircase that led to the second story, rushed Trevor. He came with sudden force upon Mrs. Latimer, who with her basket of keys suspended from her matronly arm, emerged from the pantry just in time to arrest him.

'Well, well, well?' she asked, 'what is this?'

'Nothing, ma'am.'

'What kind of nothing? A very tremendous nothing, I should think by your hurry, and your frown. Good gracious! Harry, you will be as wrinkled at thirty as old Dr. Smith, who has not a half-inch of smooth skin all over him, if you screw up your face in that fashion.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Trevor, forcing a smile, 'I am just off for town — I have something to do there. Good-by, ma'am. Can I do any thing for you?'

'Yes,' answered the mother calmly, glancing from the impatient young man biting his under-lip, to the careless young lady tending her flowers, 'will you take a parcel to Mrs. James' for me? Nelly, darling, let those geraniums alone, you won't leave a leaf upon them. As your father says, you are always more enthusiastic than scientific. Come here.'

Helen slowly obeyed, twitching her morning dress with nonchalant air as she tossed back her light ringlets and graceful head, and then dutifully stood beside her mother.

Mrs. Latimer searched for a key among the dozens which jingled in company with some loose cents and wooden labels in her basket; she was utterly uncognizant of the 'quarrel' which she very plainly saw was 'raging' silently.

'Go into the drawing-room, dear, and open that old secretary of your poor grand-mamma's. Look on the top-shelf, on the right hand, and you will see her manuscript receipt-book; I have promised to lend it to Mrs. James. Ah! they were better house-keepers in those days than we are now. Nobody makes bread like my dear mother, and as for Aunt Osborn, why, Harry, she would have scorned to have a loaf of baker's bread on her table. Where are you going, child? You must open the secretary for Nelly.' And, without a smile or look of significance, Mrs. Latimer trotted off, and her voice was heard immediately after, inquiring of the boy, whose business in life as yet was to brush flies and clean knives, where he expected to go when he died, if he brought her such cloudy steel now.

Helen walked into the drawing-room and Trevor marched in dignified silence after her. It was a very old-fashioned, curiously-built house; the furniture was a mixture of the antique and the modern. Little corner-closets, two steps leading to a recess in which a door opened into the adjoining room—a fire-place paved and lined with old Dutch blue and white tiles (those at the back quite obscured by the fire and smoke of many years, and those at the sides still clear and clean, showing their quaint scriptural subjects) and the walls covered with a paper, an inexhaustible source of entertainment to all visitors and to the household themselves. It was the landscape style of papering, thickly interspersed with what were considered, fifty years ago, human figures. Here tripped across a rustic bridge an elegant lady, with a waist-ribbon just beneath her arm-holes, a floating scarf giving an uninterrupted view of her narrow-skirted figure, and a parasol crowning her coal-scuttle bonnet. There, a coach-full of ladies, followed by a cloud of orange-colored dust, flirted and chatted with attending cavaliers, who were dressed in the preposterous fashion of those large cravats, narrow, long coats, and very tight continuations, by which, in the days that women made themselves frightful, the men showed that they were not to be out-done. On the one side, a party was preparing for an excursion on a lake of the deepest blue in a bark of the liveliest green. In this group colors went madder than ever, and the attitudes were more extravagant if possible. But the glory of the whole was a tender love-scene, where a gentleman with unapproachable hair and whiskers, thrown on one knee, before a modest

beauty, whose *coiffure, à la Titus*, was kept from blowing away by a yellow handkerchief tied under her chin, rapturously seized her hand at a distance of two yards, and was evidently pouring out his soul in language calculated to alarm an infant, dandled in its mother's arms, an inch or two from the lover's heels, for the paper suddenly joined just there and injured the perspective.

Mrs. Latimer would not have removed this ancient adornment of her walls for the finest panelling in crimson and gold, any more than she would have dismissed from the narrow, deep-set windows the fading chintz curtains, where dimly glowed those birds and flowers especially invented and reserved for chintzes.

The carved walnut chairs and tables, rich in lion's heads and eagle's claws, kept their places among a few more comfortable seats, introduced by Helen, and an *étagère* which likewise owned her as its mistress. She filled the old china bowls daily with flowers, when there were any, and her piano stood between the two front windows. Altogether, it was a room, which old-fashioned and old as it was, had not a shade of gloom about it, any more than it had a suspicion of dust. It had come to the Latimers through Helen's mamma, who was a small heiress, and proud of her good birth. They were not rich, the Latimers — they were comfortable, and that was all, lived quietly, made no debts, and as you have heard, Helen was an only child. The secretary stood opposite the piano, mounted with brass, shining with rubbing and care.

'You need not trouble yourself,' Helen said with formal politeness, 'I can turn the key, and would on no account disturb you.'

'As you please,' Harry answered sullenly. But the key would not turn; Helen drew off her glove and marked her white fingers with a deep red bar, while the blood mounted angrily to her brow. Harry would not offer again — he watched her with pretended indifference, then suddenly taking her hand in his with gentle force, he said, though she tried petulantly to draw it away, 'Nelly, you had better not reject my help,' and unlocked the door.

Instantly, the little hand lay quietly in his, and with a burst of tears, Helen's head sought his shoulder, while his strong arms held her tightly to him.

'Why do you treat me so?' sobbed Nelly.

'It was you, my love, my own spoiled darling. Why did you seem so indifferent just now, when I was angry? A word from you would have calmed me.'

'Yes, but why should you begin by being angry?'

'How can I help it? Was there ever a man so tormented as I am? What pleasure is there in life for me? Forbidden to claim you publicly as mine — almost forbidden to do so privately — having be-

fore me four years of probation and suffering—you, so much admired, so light-headed'—('Thank you,' Nelly put in, with pouting lips;) 'yes, Nell dear, you can't resist turning every man's head. (Helen smiled.) Yes, I see you approached on equal terms, by every man of your acquaintance, and God knows, you have a wide enough circle! I must listen to idle comments on this one's chance or that one's certainty of winning you, while I have not the power to shut up their impertinent tongues by boldly saying: 'She is mine.''

'Harry! Harry! if you were not my Harry, I should say that your love is more vanity than love. You have the reality, yet you only wish the world to know it.'

'It is not that. I do n't like you to be exposed to any man's attentions.'

'Then, my dear, you had better employ the next four years in laying aside your spare dollars to build an inaccessible tower in which you will hermetically seal up Mrs. Harry Othello Trevor on her wedding-day.'

'Will you flirt after you are married, Helen?' asked Othello looking down anxiously at the nestling, saucy face.

'Won't I?' said Nelly mischievously; but she followed the remark by such a pretty demonstration made by standing on tip-toe, that she effectually stopped any rebuke or anger.

'Children, have you found the book?' inquired Mrs. Latimer from the hall.

'Yes, mamma, we have found Peace—of it,' Nellie laughingly said, breathlessly disengaging herself from the detaining arms with the sweetest color on her fresh young cheeks, and a softened light dancing under her dark and still wet eye-lashes. 'Stop, Harry,' she whispered, 'let go my hand.'

'Is Harry ready to go?' asked Mrs. Latimer, innocently, as she entered, and found Helen's face resolutely turned toward the 'top-shelf,' Harry demurely and respectfully standing beside her.

'Are you ready, Harry?' repeated Helen ironically without looking round, 'here is the book, is n't it, mamma?'

'This is 'Fordyce's Advice to Young Ladies'; nonsense, Nelly, what have you been about?'

'The fact is, Mrs. Latimer, I will stay till to-morrow, if you will allow me to change my mind.'

'And Lou Wilson's party! and the new figure for the 'German!' I thought you had to go? Here is this old book, at last. I thought you had to go?'

'Do n't tease, Helen. I am very glad that you stay, Harry. Never mind Helen's teasing. You are both young. At nineteen, Helen has had no real troubles; you at twenty-three can say the same, except

the loss of your dear father and mother, my boy; but you were very young then, and your sister has been every thing to you. You have nothing to worry you, and you worry each other. Take care, take care, my poor children. I have known many true hearts parted for a few foolish words — and more foolish actions. Thank God that HE has given to each an honest and sincere love, and do n't throw away such a priceless gift. I blame you both. Harry is jealous and hasty, Helen is flirting and hasty too, (turn round, Helen,) but often you make Helen flirt and show off her airs because you suspect her when she is doing nothing, and you, Miss Nelly, aggravate Harry, as soon as he begins to get restive. Now, mind what I say, Helen's papa is fond of Harry Trevor, as Harry Trevor, but he does not think that he will answer for Helen Latimer's husband. Oh! do n't frown, my dear Harry; it is that temper, that violence which frightens him. Be more reasonable — both of you. My boy,' the old lady continued, for Helen was forty years younger than her mother, 'you are very dear to me. I never had a son that lived to be ten years — you — you are the son; well, never mind, only, I am your friend. God bless you both, my children,' and with tears in her kind eyes, Mrs. Latimer abruptly left them.

Helen's hand had stolen behind her back when first she turned toward her mother, had slipped into Harry's, and now they sat down, grave and subdued and silent. There was something solemn in Mrs. Latimer's manner and accents. Could any thing really part them? That was the thought of both. Oh! how earnestly, both vowed within themselves to correct their faults, to be patient, to forbear.

'Walter James shall never talk folly to me again,' thought Helen; 'and if Harry ever grows angry about any one or any thing else, instead of first resenting it, I will look and see if there may not be some cause for his temper.'

'I shall not go to see Lou Wilson for a month,' thought Harry; 'and I was hard on dear Nelly. How can she help it, if all the men admire her.'

It was a happy afternoon and evening. Helen's spirits soon went up to concert-pitch again; she was full of sweet mischief and loving laughter. Dutiful and affectionate at dinner to her papa, caressing and attentive to her mamma, and charming all the time to Harry. He was 'lapped in an elysium' of full delight. The four years were forgotten; the hours flew along 'velvet shod,' although below the pleasure he really felt and expressed, Trevor nourished a feeling of defiant resentment against his future father-in-law.

Eleven o'clock came all too quickly. It was the hour for retirement in this quiet household. Mrs. Latimer might have forgotten it, but Mr. Latimer produced his large, unerring watch, and there was no resistance.

A few moments of grace were pilfered by Helen, who again found the geraniums of infinite service in ministering to her wishes. 'They had not been taken in! did mamma think the night mild enough to leave them out?'

'You had better see,' said mamma.

So Harry and Helen opened the front-door and noiselessly closed it behind them. The moon was just rising; from her deep amber and flame-colored disk was shooting a broad stream of light through the sturdy and beautiful branches of the oaks. Not a breath stirred the almost holy calm. Not a sound broke it. From a distant cottage or two, where the house-servants lived, the ruddy glow of pine knots shone through an occasional crack in door or window. The atmosphere was clear and not cold. The stars twinkled in a heaven of the purest blue, and the milky-way formed the only break in the celestial color from dome to horizon.

'My own, own Helen,' murmured Trevor passionately, 'I never felt you so much mine, so entirely mine, as to-day. What day of the month is it? I wish to keep it as an anniversary.'

Helen named it.

'Ever blessed be this day. It began sadly, but it ends blissfully. I read in your dear face what I have never seen there before. A gentleness and softness most bewitching. What were those lines we saw the other morning? I feel as if they were written for us,' and he softly and fervently repeated:

'MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty,
Mine, all mine and for love — not duty.
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake as I love thee.
Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers, with song and shout,
Just as he please, just as he please!

'Mine, from the dear heart's crown, bright golden,
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
Give a warm hand to a friend — a smile,
Like a generous lady, now and a while;
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore —
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only, enters in.

'Mine, my own, without doubt or terrors;
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me, and to me alone, revealed —
'A spring shut up — a fountain sealed.'

Many may praise thee — praise mine and thine,
 Many may like thee — I'll like them too;
 But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
 Must be mine, mine wholly, forever mine.'

'Do you not feel this, beloved? This is what *I* feel, and yet you cannot call it jealousy?'

Helen smiled and pressed his hand, while she was almost uneasy at meeting his burning, darkly-gleaming eyes. His heart was beating with rapid throbs, and the arm which supported her trembled as he drew her nearer to him. This was the vehemence, the passionate earnestness which always alarmed her. It was not the deep, calm delight for which she thirsted. Impetuous herself, she admired control in others, and she had already learnt too well, that this fiery love could change, in half a moment, to fiery anger. But not to-night. To-night Harry was supremely happy; he kissed again and again the sweet lips that unresistingly met his own, 'had not mamma sanctioned their engagement?' and when the voice of that kind mother, fearful of paternal displeasure, called to the truants, they exchanged leaves from the convenient geraniums and said good-night with tones of such fresh and veiled tenderness, as sent them both to their pillows, satisfied with each other and with all the world.

A S O N G .

THE days when you and I were young,
 Long, long ago!
 How sweet the songs that then were sung,
 In Life's warm glow!
 Should loveliest lips the songs repeat
 That we heard then,
 They would not seem one half so sweet,
 For we are men!

Chorus—O merry, merry time of youth!

Glad holiday from grief!

Fair season of the heart's delight!

Why is thy stay so brief?

Since then, through shadowed scenes, and bright,

I've sought for joy:

Yet never knew such dear delight

As when a boy;

Though age may yield us fame and wealth,

It brings no time

For rapture, like youth's sunny health

And golden prime.

Chorus—O merry, merry time of youth!

Glad holiday from grief!

Fair season of the heart's delight!

Why is thy stay so brief?

THE CIVILIZATION OF ALGERIA.

‘MONDBEGLANZTE Zaubernacht
Steig auf in der alten Pracht.’ — TIECK.

‘Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.’ — IN MEMORIAM.

‘WESTWARD the course of empire takes its way,’ wrote good Bishop Berkeley; and though perhaps intending only a rhetorical compliment to the New World, he in fact hit upon the law of universal history. Yet the rough earth is no easy channel for the current of civilization, which therefore throws numberless little counter-currents backwards, and is often broken into wild labyrinths of eddies, though pressing, in the main, steadily and majestically onward. That Destiny is capricious has been oftener said by poets than historians, and there are philosophers of history who proclaim with confidence the principles in obedience to which nations rise and fall, and empire passes from site to site. The drama of the world is reduced to a play of abstract principles, amid scenery which changes from age to age as the bird of destiny wings its way westward.

A curious episode in the story of the past lingers about the western portion of northern Africa, where people after people have sought to build up a civilization, and after centuries of struggle have uniformly failed when they were apparently upon the point of success. Egypt lies only at a short distance, yet civilization culminated there in the twilight of history, and Thebes was an ante-Hellenic Athens. Ruins of the massive art, and records of the fantastic sciences of the Egyptians still remain; and Egyptian priests were the teachers of Greek philosophers. Rome was almost in sight from the African coast, and in the days of Punic power who would have ventured to predict that Carthage would be remembered only for her misfortunes, while Roman dominion would extend from *Ultima Thule* to the Indus, which was funnily supposed to be the upper portion of the contorted Nile? Yet by a geographical or some other fatality, Carthage, after almost overthrowing Rome, was herself destroyed, her literature extinguished, and Western Africa defrauded of the empire and civilization which it had so nearly grasped.

In the period of barbarian invasions the Vandals passed into Africa by the Pillars of Hercules, marking their way from the Baltic by devastations. There they founded a kingdom, which long defied the emperors both of the East and the West. They captured Carthage in its ruins, pillaged Rome, and delighted in demolishing the master-pieces of classic art, and threatened to bring Christendom under the rod of

a savage and heretical African empire. But the genius of the Byzantine Belisarius triumphed over them, and the Vandal dominion was extinguished, as the finer culture of the Carthaginians had been before it.

Next the Arabs appeared in pride of conquest under the chivalrous Okbah, and after building the magnificent cities of Fez and Morocco, reached the Atlantic ocean. Reversing the old order of migration they crossed into Spain, where for centuries they played a leading part in arts and politics. In the tenth century they had produced poets who were the objects of national enthusiasm, and learned schools which were frequented by the Christian scholars of Europe; and they had covered the hill-sides of Andalusia with their rich and fantastic architecture, which Lamennais likens 'to a brilliant dream, inspired by the caprice of oriental genii, amid the varied and delicate complications of which the eye loses itself in pursuit of a symmetry which it seems ever about to apprehend, but which always escapes it.' But though Europe trembled before the Saracens of Spain, the Arab power of western Africa was soon broken into rival dynasties, and had to contend against native insurrections; and the country which seemed by its position predestined to be the occidental seat of Moslem dominion, shared again the fate of being the neighbor but not the centre of civilization.

After the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand the Catholic, and the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, the Spaniards and the Portuguese both vainly attempted to conquer the region of Algeria, and to extend the sway, the faith, and the institutions of Europe beyond the Mediterranean. The Arab sheik invited to his aid the powerful Sicilian corsair, the first Barbarossa, who quickly overthrew the Spanish domination and established his own. His brother saved himself from the combined attack of Arabs and Spaniards, only by asking support from the Sultan Selim, and thus the new power of the Turks was introduced upon the battle-field of the nations. Against the elite warriors of Spain, Genoa, Naples, Sicily, and Malta, the second Barbarossa triumphantly defended the Barbary States, gave to them a regular political existence, and made them important in the affairs of Europe. But the Turks in Algeria rose to nothing more enlightened than the ferocity of pirates, and the region which had so many times narrowly failed of the blessings of civilization, now seemed to seek vengeance for the advantages which it had lost; and to turn corsair as a disappointed man turns highwayman. The deys of Algiers maintained themselves, to the perpetual danger of the commerce of the Mediterranean, and in spite of repeated chastisements by the Christian governments, till the recent French conquest of the country.

France is now to attempt what has been vainly tried by dominant races for more than twenty centuries, namely, to civilize Algeria. To make it the germ of a powerful African colony is the idea of French political thinkers and the ambition of the French government.

The wonderful feature of this history is, that the original race, which first appears in history fighting against the Romans, has maintained itself on the soil from that time to the present; has rebelled against its conquerors in every century, and now enjoys comparative independence in the heights which cluster around the ancient Mount Atlas. The Kabyles, a branch of the widely extended Berber stock, are the original Numidians and Mauritanians, who have successively fought against Phœnician, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Arab, Turkish, and French invaders, and who have been distinguished in all time for their ferocity and love of independence. Their present unsubdued state is not an accidental or transitory fact, but is their normal condition; reaching back to the origin of their history, and cherished in defiance of a long series of conquerors. The Romans gave to their principal mountain the name of *Mons Ferratus*, (the mountain of iron,) so impregnable was it. When overpowered by numbers they have always taken refuge on the mountains or in desert solitudes, from which they have suddenly reappeared to regain the land which they had surrendered with regret. During the middle ages, Kabyle dynasties ruled by the side of those of the Moslems; and though the Kabyles have shared the barbarism which has always been the lot of Algerians, they have never long been bereft of their savage freedom and authority.

A people which has thus permanently lived on the borders of all civilizations, and opposed them all, is an interesting phenomenon. They are now divided into a number of distinct tribes, forming a sort of barbarous Switzerland, and cherishing many democratic elements in their government. But their habitual social state is hardly better than anarchy; they have little of the sentiment of loyalty or nationality, and the only common interest which prompts them to union and successful struggles against their enemies, is their profound and inveterate hatred of foreigners. Robust, nervous, active, with brown complexion and black eyes, they embody in history the genius of perversity and disorganization, and have refused alike to take part in the social or political system either of the Orient or of the West, both of which at different times have been thrust upon them. They prefer the house to the tent, and agriculture to pastoral life; and their villages are often planted upon the very summit of mountains. A single room usually contains an entire family, together often with the horse, cow, and other domestic animals. The women, who are not infrequently of a brilliant brunette complexion, share the agricultural labors with the men. Though the Arabs say of the Kabyles that they neither fear God nor men, they yet have certain superstitions, and always keep upon their breasts as an amulet a verse of the Koran inscribed upon a piece of parchment. In the towns they are found engaged in commerce, and in the desert they are mingled almost indiscriminately with the Arab tribes. Though their ideal seems to be a state of barbarism, and though they have merited

the maledictions of invaders from whatever quarter, who have brought to them the prestige of culture and science, they are yet among the most industrious inhabitants of Algeria, and have the vigor and capacity, if they only had the temper, for a high degree of civilization.

Around them are grouped remnants of the various races who have disputed the country with them. The Arab is there, dwelling now as of old in tents, and having his riches in his horses and his flocks. He is nomadic; and throwing his tent upon the back of his mule, carries his country with him wherever he goes. The society of the Arabs is essentially aristocratic, and has well-defined distinctions of rank, unlike the democratic, or rather anarchical tendencies of the Kabyles. In the Algerian Sahara the Arab dwells indolently in his tent, occupied—if at all—only in feeding his horse and smoking his pipe, or in collecting his flocks at night. The pastoral life in that native region of camels and sheep and the finest horses in the world, is also devotedly cherished by the Kabyles. The Arabs, however, excel in the care of the horse, which they train most humanely and skilfully. They fight on horse-back, as the Kabyles on foot.

The Arabs of the desert cherish innumerable popular and marvelous legends, which prove their genius kindred to that of the authors of the Thousand-and-One Nights. They especially love to believe that the desert has concealed somewhere in it monuments of ancient Saracen dominion, filled with riches and the finest products of art, which shall yet be brought forth to adorn a future period of Saracen renaissance. No American dreamer about Captain Kidd has ever attained to visions rivalling in splendor these creations of Oriental fancy. Thus runs the story of Yusuf-ben-Cassem, an honest man, though he did get his fingers scorched with magic. After many feats of valor he was taken prisoner by the Christians, and sold as a slave. In the midst of his labors and sorrows, while he was thinking of his wife and children, and cursing in his heart his infidel masters, a grave form—as if of an Arab sage—appeared suddenly to him, and after trying his temper by a few interrogatories, made a strange proposition to him. He gave to Ben Cassem a paper written over with mysterious magical characters, and promised him his liberty on condition that he should repair to a certain solitary place at an appointed time, and burn there the magical paper, holding it in the light of the sun. The son of Cassem accepted, not knowing what he promised, and carefully obeyed all the directions that were given to him. Scarcely, however, had the last particle of the paper been reduced to ashes, when a lofty architectural monument rose gradually from the earth, and from the joints and crevices of the stones myriads of pieces of gold and silver began to issue, like bees from a troubled hive, and after flying round and round the monument, at length rose, somewhat like a flock of wild geese, and formed a pro-

cession almost infinite in length and quite infinite in value in the air. Then the living coins began their flight towards the land of the Christians, and Ben Cassem perceived that he had been employed and defrauded by a cunning necromancer, who by a sort of exorcism had thus drawn forth from the desert a whole royal treasure. Such is one of many traditions of the wealthy civilization of the Saracens.

The story of the gazelle and the lion is a universal favorite among the wild Arabs, and recalls the simplicity of the primitive ages.

The daughter of the bey of Hemcin was more beautiful than the most beautiful flower; her voice was sweet, like that of a Peri; her eyes were beaming and timid, like those of a frightened gazelle; when by chance a mortal saw her, he was changed to madness, and sometimes perished miserably. The son of a peasant once looked upon her as she was promenading on the bank of a stream, and though their eyes met, neither was turned to stone. The daughter of the bey fled like a sun-beam, and the peasant's son fell to the earth with loss of his wits. He recovered sufficiently to repair to the hermitage of Ben-Meida, a noted fool, who curiously was nevertheless possessed of supernatural wisdom. Ben-Meida revealed to him that the passion of the princess was as great as his own and her affliction hardly less, but that the result would be only mutual destruction unless they changed their human forms for the semblances of some of the animals which roam over the plains and the desert. Soon after, the peasant lost his son and the bey his daughter, and about the same time the occupants of the neighboring plains and mountains were terrified by the sudden apparition of a lion, and astonished by the rapid passage of a gazelle, both on their way toward the desert. In vain the horsemen traversed the country in search of the bey's daughter; she never came again; and it was observed that whenever her name was mentioned, the fool Ben-Meida exhibited horrible grimaces, and broke forth into shouts of laughter. The light gazelle was long pursued by the hunters, but to no purpose. The terrific roar of a lion was always heard near by when she was in danger, which overthrew horse and rider with sudden fright. Often, it is said, around the ruins of Manzoura a lion may still be seen proudly protecting a timid gazelle. 'Allah is Allah,' says the Arab story-teller, when he has finished this narrative; 'he alone is just, and punishes faithless daughters and too aspiring sons.'

The Arabs were the most numerous and formidable opponents of the French, though the resistance of the Kabyles was the more protracted. The character of Abd-el-Kader, the most redoubtable of the Algerine patriots, present an interesting revival in the present century of the spirit with which the followers of the Prophet first went forth to conquest. Twice in his youth he made a pious pilgrimage to the shrine at Mecca, and after his capture it was remarked that the expression of his countenance was rather mystical than war-like. Sur-

rounded with a few associates, after a conflict of twenty-five years, in the mountains of Morocco, he perceived that victory was impossible, and sought only to escape to the desert, whence he might reappear under more favorable circumstances. The vigilance and numbers of his enemies made this impossible, and he then surrendered himself to the French general, appealing to the generosity of France, and stipulating that he should be conducted to Alexandria or Acre. Yet the French government did not ratify the promise, and he was imprisoned for several years in France, on the ground that the peace of Algeria was insecure while he was free. Not till 1852 was he set at liberty, with the applause of the world which had admired his exploits, and since that time this modern Jugurtha has resided in the Levant. Even among the Arabs his fine and nervous organization was regarded as peculiar, and his assiduity in Mussulman devotion, his firmness and integrity in public life, and his mildness and purity in private life were unrivalled. In Paris a resemblance was discovered between his countenance and that which is traditionally attributed to CHRIST, and this report heightened the eagerness of the public to obtain a view of him. Not since the palmy days of Islamism has a more admirable Arab character been produced.

Mingled with the Kabyles and Arabs in Algeria are Jews, negroes, and Koulouglis, besides Europeans, who are limited mostly to the cities. There are also the Moors, a *mélange* in whom all the races that have successively held the soil are represented. The Turks, to whom the country was so long tributary, have with few exceptions withdrawn from it. These various races render Algeria remarkably rich in contrasts, in respect to physiognomy, costume, language, religion, and manners. The Jews have arrived at various epochs, and are every where, among tribes as well as in cities, engaged in traffic. They especially took refuge thither from the persecutions in Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century, and a special quarter of the city of Fez was assigned to them at that time. In Algiers they were far from enjoying equal commercial privileges or political rights until after the French conquest. The negroes owe their origin to slaves brought by caravans from the various countries in the interior of Africa, and the Koulouglis are descended from Turkish fathers and Kabyle mothers.

A mixed race is said to always prove at some time conquering and powerful; and if the elements which now exist together in Algeria shall ever be blended into one composite nationality, civilization will then find for itself there a new arena. And as the drama of European history opens with lessons received from Egypt, on one side of Africa, so its concluding and most magnificent act may be perhaps reserved for the opposite side.

The climate, the fauna, and the flora of Algeria are not unlike those of southern Europe. The continuous elevation of the soil, and the

proximity of the sea modify the temperature, so that the greatest heat of summer hardly surpasses that of Italy and Spain. The fertility of the soil was famous among the ancients who placed there the gardens of the Hesperides, and the finest European fruits now grow luxuriantly, and are already a liberal source of revenue to France.

The remnants of peoples which are clustered there combine many elements of power. To the Arab, religion is still a passion, and nothing offends him more than religious indifference. Even in the East, he hates unbelievers more than Christians. Napoleon the First wisely and very advantageously availed himself of this perennial religious feeling of the Bedouins in his Egyptian expedition. The European population have introduced schools and improved processes in all the industrial arts. The autochthonous Kabyles retain their original vigor and savagery, and if they would but accept the *contrat social*, would be powerful champions of a liberal government. The influence of French culture already appears in having reduced a half-nomadic population to a somewhat regular political life. Arabs, who spent the first half of their life on horse-back now reside in stone houses, have renounced roaming and robbery, and fulfil the ordinary avocations of citizens. These beginnings of civilization must be prosecuted for many generations by the united influence of authority, persuasion, and good example, before the races will become a race, with an efficient character and a certain destiny. When the fiery and restless Arabs shall some time learn to appreciate the excellency of European culture, they will perhaps rapidly extend it through their wide connections back to the East and into the depths of Africa.

England, the United States, and France, all have foot-holds in Africa, but the last takes the lead in the extent of her interests and influence. After thirty years of struggle she has pushed her conquests from the Mediterranean to the desert, and now possesses the country which was one of the great granaries of ancient Rome. From Marseilles French civilization, with its industry and commerce, has radiated, till it now almost encircles Africa on the East, the West, and the North, establishing at distant sites centres of future power. Wherever the French go they carry organization with them, and Algeria is already the field of large prospective measures under the control of the French government. England does not pride herself more on her East-Indian empire than France on her possession of Algeria, where she is rearing up a new colonial realm out of the *débris* of nations. The scheme of the present Emperor may embrace not only a flourishing colony, but a powerful Mediterranean empire. If the fortune of war gives him practical dominance over Italy and Spain, a passage through the Mediterranean may come to be hardly less than a passage through a French inland lake, and England may find her rival of a thousand years master of the path to the Indies.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

COSMOS: by ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Volume Five. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. 1859.

THE last volume of HUMBOLDT's most mature work comes almost as a requiem. At a time when a Napoleonic war threatens the dynasties and states of Europe, the news of the death of HUMBOLDT was heralded and received as an important event. The greatest savant of his century, he has sometimes been called the modern ARISTOTLE. But the comparison is an extravagant one, for ARISTOTLE was far more a philosopher than a naturalist, and has swayed the speculations of centuries by his profound insight rather into metaphysics than physics. The field of natural science has been constantly enlarged, and its objects multiplied; the voyages of COLUMBUS, the Copernican theory, the telescope, the microscope have successively revolutionized some of our largest views of nature; but the Aristotelian logic still remains, or has but lately been superseded, as the law of our intellectual cognitions. While ARISTOTLE made researches into the ultimate questions of taste and art and knowledge, HUMBOLDT is renowned only as an explorer of physical nature; but in the comprehensiveness of his scope in this department he has had no rival. To reveal the universe as a system, and especially to show the cosmical connection of all the phenomena of this planet, has been the purpose of his studies, most completely realized in the successive volumes of his 'Cosmos,' which unites a rigid statement of particular facts with wide syntheses and animated descriptions. Science also, and the history of science he links together. An instance will illustrate his method. His work opens with a reference to the influences wrought on the mind by the various aspects of nature, by mountains, fields, steppes, deserts, landscapes by night and by day, inland or bordering the ocean, with the diverse foliage and temperatures of different zones. From phenomena he passes to laws, and treats of the uniformity of atmospheric changes, and the contrasts of climates and vegetation according to latitudes and heights, as invariable as if governed by the celestial bodies. Thus he follows the grand connections of things, from stars and nebulous matter to the composition of rocks and the distribution of animals and plants, discussing as he passes magnetism, crystallization, and associated

forces and phenomena. An historical episode of curious interest is that in which he treats of the idea or conception of the universe which has been entertained in successive ages, and no where else does he exhibit so well the quality not only of a savant, but of a poet and painter. His last volume gives the results of some of his favorite researches in the domain of telluric phenomena, on the size, form, and density of the earth, and on the dynamic action within the earth, which reveals itself in earthquakes, volcanoes, thermal springs, and gas springs.

LOVE, (L'AMOUR.) By MICHELET. Translated by Dr. PALMER. New-York, 1859.

THE confounding of things that differ, and mixing together of all sorts of incompatibilities, are the general characteristics of recent French literature, a literature altogether capricious, brilliant, and indescribable. Romance is no where else so romantic, witty and thoughtful sayings are no where else clustered together after so eccentric a fashion, as in a favorite French novel, drama, or *feuilleton*. The driest item of science suddenly explodes as a bon-mot, the phenomena of life and manners are developed on airy principles of metaphysics, the most agreeable characters are delightfully mystified by fantastic illusions of history, politics, psychology, physiology, and past, present, and future modes of society, and after a series of wonderful complications and revolutions, we are surprised to find at last that a book, every page of which appeared full of exaggerated effects and astounding frivolity seems to have observed a sort of wild plan of its own, and to have had not a little truth and nature in its madness.

MICHELET's recent work, 'L'Amour,' is a curious mixture of transcendentalism and physiology on the subject of love. To an American reader, it seems the direct offspring of intellectual and moral chaos; and if not amused, he cannot fail to be vexed at the rapid transitions from medicine to poetry. We have hurled the book under the table on coming to one of those eternal allusions to some mystical flux to which M. MICHELET never wearies of returning, but have soon gone to reading it again, certain that the next sentence would present some branch of the subject in a transcendental and divine aspect. The key to the work is the fine and immense imagination of its author. Given a few physiological facts, and he transfigures them into poetical and universal relations, and builds the social system on them and disciplines the action of the affections by them. Such a mixture of science and sentiment would not be possible out of France, and often suggests a doubt as to whether the book was intended to be comic or serious, yet the final impression is a refined picture of ideal love, barely attained in spite of all the maladies recounted in medical libraries. The juxtaposition may be useful, but we should prefer the physiological science in one book, and the romance of love in another.

Considered from the author's own stand-point, the work has a character of high enthusiasm, not to say Quixotism. His own countrymen have received it with ad-

miration, its freedoms and odd combinations of things being congenial to Gallic vivacity and to the fashion of apparent disorder as the basis of literary art. The English reviews shook their heads at it as one of the eccentricities of their neighbors across the Channel, chuckled over it as a specimen of the serious works read in France, and we believe no translation of it has been published in England.

It is probable that it will be more widely read in America than in any other country except France, for American society is more akin to that of Paris than we are accustomed to think. The translator has performed a difficult task with excellent success, and while faithfully rendering the original, has given a peculiar grace and quaintness to the English style.

THE PASHA PAPERS. New-York: SCRIBNER. 1859.

THESE epistles, collected from the '*Evening Post*' newspaper, are designed to make us see ourselves as others may be supposed to see us. There is so much in every society which is peculiar to itself, and a matter of arbitrary arrangement — so many usages, habits, and 'smaller morals,' which are merely conventional and fashionable, which have grown up by degrees with the progress of experience, and have far run away from the idea of pure reason at which they started — that it is very easy to make fun of them by introducing a barbarian, or remote foreigner, to criticise them from the stand-point of a state of nature or of Turkish civilization. Turkey is grotesque to an American traveller, and New-York was grotesque to the Turkish Admiral. The best result, perhaps, of his visit is this volume of satirical 'Pasha Letters;' for we all know that we do a great many rather ridiculous things, which, though they may be inevitable, it will not harm us to be genially and humorously reminded of. Thus, the account of the City Hall, Tammany Hall, and the b'hoys; of the opera, and the young women and young men whom he saw; of how he went to Wall-street, and how he went to church, and how he went to a grand ball, and what he thought of each of these places; of the New-York press, of Boston poetry, and of the doctrine of manifest destiny; these are some of the topics which are treated in a style sufficiently oriental, and with a satire which never degenerates into rancor. The criticism is pleasant with no pretence of being profound or exhaustive; and we are not led to speculate very thoroughly on the philosophy of that species of practical wisdom known as 'humbug.' The truest state of nature is probably a highly artificial state, and he who satirizes whatsoever social ways and means, should, like the author of the 'Pasha Papers,' have much good-nature in him. There is much in New-York public and private life which it needs not a Turk to tell us is less refined, less honest, less spontaneous than we can conceive it; but New-York is as yet in the beginning of its career — is about as old as England was under the Plantagenets — and may some time rival the finest cities of Europe as much in the elegant arts as in political and commercial enterprise.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A WHISPER FROM 'THE PINES.'—Revolving dreamily, in our mind, after a delicious noon-lunch of bread-and-butter, and strawberries-and-cream, this pleasant June afternoon, the question, whether of the two we should like to choose: to be with a man hight DAWSON, a-catching of muscalonge off Cape Vincent, on the St. Lawrence, with our excellent friend PEUGNET for a guide, or away with our associates of the 'North-Woods WALTON Club,' a-inveigling of the 'Speckled:' revolving, we say, these *catagorii* in our mind, there comes us up, by the last train on our new 'West-Shore Rail-road,' from town, the following missive from a friend, of ours not only, but also of our readers. It is a voice from '*Up in the Pines*,' and cryeth in that garden-wilderness somewhat thus:

'At the farther end of my garden there is a knoll covered with pine-trees. When the grounds were laid out, this elevation was left undisturbed; and although raspberries, strawberries, and other fruits have been fostered and trained to exercise their blandishments in the intervening grounds, still the best-worn path is that which is the most direct to the pines. I derive much pleasure in observing with what success the labors of POTTER among the flowers and fruits are likely to be crowned; and I realize a just pride in the flattering prospects of those humble but more practical and useful families, the peas, radishes, and potatoes. But when I see how much thought is bestowed upon these classes; the amount of labor performed and pains taken; the anxiety manifested lest the frosts or the storms or the winds of heaven should visit them too roughly, and then contrast my isolated pines, my sturdy, rugged pines, unkempt, unshorn and uncared for, looking down disdainfully upon their ephemeral neighbors, I exult in the hardy old heroes. All the winds are in love with that pine knoll. BOREAS, APELIOTES, NOTUS, and ZEPHYROS — all in turn visit the spot, and revel or sigh on the summit. When the former makes his appearance, we generally retire to a respectful distance, and leave the revellers to themselves. Such a time as they have too! Old BOREAS seizes the cone-bearers in his arms as if he would hurl them to the earth, but they weave their pliant limbs about him, and seeming to delight in the mad encounter, roar and howl in concert, until the tired assailant departs. But when ZEPHYROS comes with softened violet-perfumed breath, then it is that we sit ourselves down and listen to the murmuring soul-whispers above us.

'Such an hour is the present. After a cold stormy week we have a day of sun-shine

and genial warmth. The farmers who have been talking about the seed rotting in the ground, and who have been lamenting the loss of valuable time, now call to mind the promise that 'seed-time shall not fail;' and rejoicing in the prospect of a 'good grass season,' are busily at work, with happy hearts. Not less do the birds and the insects seem determined to 'make up for lost time.' The air is full of aerial navigators. Freights by the Atmospheric Line may be quoted as 'improved.'

'The young robins have just been 'brought out,' or are about to *be* brought out. I am not able to say whether any *débûts* have been actually made or not. The only family I have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with, is one which took the liberty of erecting a mansion on one of my cherry-trees, without a lease. The first time I saw the trespasser, he was standing on the limb of the cherry-tree with a worm in his bill. When he saw me he looked about for a moment or two and then flew in among the branches of a neighboring fir-tree. His secret was gone! Climbing the cherry-tree, I found three or four mouths propped wide open, in expectation of the intercepted supplies. The temptation to infanticide was very great, as my cherry crop has been monopolized by these fellows for several years. However, after taking the children up to see the 'woolly-heads,' we left them undisturbed. Robins, like *prima-donnas*, are delightful to listen to, but very expensive to feed. I presume that these young people have not been fairly brought out yet, as Madame ROBIN seems to be giving them a kind of preparatory rehearsal. Judging from her actions, her words, if translated, would be as follows: 'FANNIE, my dear, do hold your head up!' 'JULIA, my love, you *will* persist in turning your toes out!' 'AMELIA JANE, you never *will* fly gracefully in the world: now look at me!'

'There are some scenes which it is impossible to describe, from the fact that the other senses are charmed by certain influences as much as the eye is pleased. Indeed it always seems as if there were other additional senses participating in the enjoyment. For instance, it would signify little for me to speak of the beauties of nature visible to the eye; of the meadow, the foliage, the blossoms, the plumage of the birds; and little more would be added by an enumeration of the sounds which greet the ear: the songs of the birds, the hum of the insects, the murmuring of the trees, or the roar of the water-fall. There is an undefinable sensation of quiet and tranquillity which we experience, and which adds more of positive delight than aught else. By what avenue of sense we perceive this, I know not: that of feeling can lay a better claim to it than either of the others; but if feeling is properly entitled to the honor, then I hold that to enjoy a landscape one must *feel* it as well as see it.

'I really thought that I had something to say when I commenced this letter-sheet, but I have filled it, and left it all unsaid.

'One more last word' about the knoll. We have three or four rustic seats up here. As it was indispensable to the harmony of the scene that they should be rude in construction, I undertook the task of making them myself. I am not much of a mechanic, but I think those benches are a perfect triumph in the way of rudeness. We have an iron sofa or settee in the garden, the design of which is a collection of branches intertwined with serpents: it is thought well of as a work of art; but then any one can see at once that it is a settee, after all. Now, I have carried rudeness to such an extent in the manufacture of my benches, that no one supposes them to be benches until told to sit down on them; and very rarely even then, as it requires constant exertion to prevent tipping over. They are generally thought to be broken pieces of the fence! Does not 'a success' of this kind deserve to be removed from the humble sphere of mechanics to the realms of high art!'

'PAUL BERNOU' should sit once upon the natural benches under our sweet-scented cedars, 'thickly set with pale blue-berries:' moreover, he should hear *our* birds in the early morning, 'sweeter than the songs of Eden.' Also, he should look into *our* garden, now at exactly mid-June. Four styles of PEA contest the palm with his: the 'corn is green again,' as DEMPSTER sings: dewy beds of lettuce contend with silvery-purple cabbages; and aspiring 'Limas' twine lovingly around protecting poles. And the ROSES! We had the curiosity yesterday morning to count seven hundred and fifty climbing around the porch, opposite the sanctum windows.

THE PROPHETIC OFFICE OF CHRIST, AS RELATED TO THE VERBAL INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. BY E. LORD.—In this volume, 'the Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures' is argued: *first*, from the nature and limitation of the office of CHRIST as Prophet, and His exercise of that office, through the instrumentality of the sacred writers, by the inspiring agency of the Spirit; and *secondly*, from the fact of human consciousness, that men think, and receive and are conscious of thoughts only in words: so that thoughts conveyed to their minds by Inspiration, must necessarily be conveyed in words, in order to their receiving and being conscious of them.' We noticed at some length the two preceding volumes of the same author on the subject of Inspiration. In the first of those volumes, he laid the foundation for what is specially argued and concluded in the present. In particular, he advanced and insisted on the propositions, that 'we think in words;' that man, by his constitution, can think, receive, and be conscious of thoughts only in words and signs equivalent to vocal articulation; that words necessarily and perfectly express the thoughts conceived in them; that words represent thoughts, not things; that the Scriptures affirm Inspiration, not of the sacred writers, but of that which they wrote; and that an inspiration by thoughts necessarily required an inspiration by the words which expressed them. In the second volume he controverts the prevalent doctrine that Inspiration means a *guidance* of the sacred writers in the choice of words; shows what was and what was not effected by Inspiration; reviews Professor LEE's volume on Inspiration; and discusses the subjects of instinct, intuition, and intellectual action, in respect to their relation to his main theme. In the present volume, under the head of the 'Prophetic Office of CHRIST,' he contemplates 'the Logos in the beginning,' and 'the Logos incarnate,' as the Divine Prophet and Teacher, directly and through the inspiring agency of the Spirit, of all the words recorded in the original texts of Scripture; treats of the nature and limitation of His office as being that of a Legate authorized to utter only the words of HIM by whom he was sent: discusses the question whether the words of the original texts were indeed the very words of God; treats of the revelation of the Logos and the SPIRIT in the Old Testament, and of the FATHER chiefly in the New; examines the 'theory of *Guidance*,' and confirms his leading positions, by applying the doctrine of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON (now exciting so much attention in England and this country) that the Infinite, the Absolute, the *Unconditioned*, is incognizable and inconceivable to the finite capacity of man; that we can conceive, and consequently can know, only the *conditioned*, *limited*, *finite*; that thought is possible to us only of the *conditioned*; that to think is to *condition*, etc., etc. The doctrines 'that we think only in words;' and that we can have distinct thoughts only of the limited, finite, conditioned,' are in philosophy and theology alike novel; and in consequence of their novelty, we invite the attention of our readers to this able work, especially to the ninth and tenth of the several 'sections' into which its arguments are divided. It is published by Mr. ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, Number 683 Broadway.

LITERARY INCUBATION: AN EGG-SAMPLE TO BE EMULATED. — Our readers will remember our old friend 'R. S. O.,' and his faithful reminiscences of 'days that are no more,' which we published in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER a few months ago. Right glad are we that, retired for the moment from his banking-chambers and putting finance behind his back, he can 'incubate' so flavorously and so freshly. Our 'Persuader,' although a valuable and very popular invention, could be of no service to one whose 'lays' commend themselves so favorably to the public:

'DEAR CLARK: Those reminiscences of scenes and incidents about home, which get into your EDITOR'S TABLE occasionally, are exceedingly interesting to me. By 'home,' I mean up and down the river, and all around 'York Island,' from Throgs's Neck to Spuyten-Duyvel creek, and beyond. Whether it is owing to reading such descriptions entirely, or in part to a circumstance which occurred to me not long since, I know not; but certainly my poor head has been teeming of late with the recollections of old times and transactions, local hereabout, and which are demanding release so vociferously, that I feel the necessity of letting some of them out, if only for the sake of keeping the others quiet.

'The circumstance referred to, happened on a visit at the house of a famous storyteller, who lives not many miles from your cottage. When about parting with him, after passing an evening that will ever be a memorable one with me, I took up his hat, which hung near the door, and placed it for a moment upon my head. This was not accidental; for I have a propensity for measuring the pericranium of certain people in this way; and it is not unlikely that some of my friends, if they chanced to observe me doing so, may have fancied that I designed to make away with their hats, or possibly to present them with a new one, and was thus getting the size of their heads for that purpose; but they were sure to be mistaken in either supposition; for, as I said, it is merely my whim thus to estimate the bulk of their brains by means of their hatbands. In this instance, the effect upon me was certainly peculiar; for I found myself presently travelling through the mazes of the past with astonishing velocity.

'One of the first things called up was, the recollection of the marvellous consequences which grew out of my putting into my hat one day, in my boyhood, a scrap of paper covered over with little yellow dots, as it appeared, which had been thrown to me by an old lady, who was dusting behind some ancient pictures on a shelf in the bed-room of an odd sort of a personage, who boarded with her at the time, and who was known many years previously to have made a voyage to China. Having walked home with the usual deliberation of a school-boy, I found, on removing my hat, that the lining was covered with minute black specks; my hair was also filled with them. They were very numerous and lively; and though exceedingly puzzled at the time, as to what they portended, I am now satisfied that they were the germs of ideal fancies, and that they are not all out of my head yet. One consequence of this vermifugal exhibition, as a physician might call it, was the introduction of silk-worms into our neighborhood, and the speedy incorporation of the boys around, (including a goodly representation from the ancient clans CLARKSON and SCHERMERHORN,) into a close corporation for the procurement of mulberry-leaves to feed them with; resulting in a wonderful development of mechanical ingenuity in devising reels, and methods for saving silk, by the said boys, and the occupancy of numerous Bibles and prayer-books — the property of their sisters and sweethearts — with beautiful little 'hanks' of virgin silk, of hues

varying from white to golden yellow. This was doubtless the origin of the *Morus Multicaulis Mania*, which raged so furiously throughout the land in after-years, and which ought to have ended in the naturalization of the manufacturer of native silk with us, if the political economists of the day had been wise enough to appreciate the indication. O what journeys have I made before breakfast to Sun-fish Pond! — then far out of town, but now built over by the hither end of Madison Avenue: what risks have I run after supper in St. John's Park, in securing a hat-full of mulberry-leaves, (then an article more scarce in Gotham than gold-leaf is now,) in furtherance of the aforesaid enterprise!

'And now that the boys, who used to accompany me on those expeditions, have nearly all gone to Greenwood, and the girls, who were the recipients of their fruits, have, many of them, become grand-mothers, I begin to realize the purpose for which those worms were hatched out of my hat, during that summer walk across the city. Yes: I am more than suspicious of the source whence the immortal GEOFFREY CRAYON received the inspiration which has produced a library of literary enjoyment that all the world delights in: depend upon it, Mynheer CLARK, that old cocked-hat of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER's, which got into GEOFFREY's possession, the LORD knows how, comprehended the web of the whole matter: for my part, I verily believe that hat must have been full of eggs, whatever else there may have been hidden in it. For just consider the consequences of my putting on the hat 'herein first mentioned,' and holding it on my head just for a few seconds of time! I have told you of one effect: now let me relate farther inexplicable results.

'Incidents that occurred in my childhood, have since then been holding my brain captive in a manner before unknown and undreamed of. MONTGOMERY's funeral, which I saw in my infancy pass through Wall-street, with 'BRADHURST's Regulars,' and the 'Iron-Grays,' those forerunners of our 'Seventh Regiment,' and General STORMS's cavalry brigade for an escort, has been tramping up and down my sensorium, until the whole procession has been drawn out like a living picture before me. Again I have crossed the East-River with JEEVES, (our 'Professor' that now is,) in a flat-bottomed skiff, to go a-swimming, down by the wind-mill at Gowanus Bay, as in days of yore; and have been beset by the young 'salvages' there, who threatened to keep our trowsers, after we had disrobed ourselves for the purpose mentioned, if we did not give them 'something;' and we having only nothing, were only saved from going home in highland costume, or 'taking a thrashing' in lieu thereof, by M——'s proposing to catch ball-in-cup a hundred times without missing once — which he did, thereby extricating himself and his companion from the terror of a savage foe, and proving himself the intellectual and scientific phenomenon in embryo, which he has since so abundantly established himself to be in fact. The 'Professor' had his ivory cup-and-ball in his pocket, opportunely enough, and which might indicate two things: one, that we were then very young voyagers, for he is a few years older than myself; and the other, that he at least designed to combine study with amusement in our aquatic expedition to the shores of Long-Island, just as CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS did, in a more presuming way, and at a somewhat earlier period of time. I have crossed to that island a great many times since, and have had ample revenge on the aforesaid young barbarians, from some of whom I have had astounding bargains in city lots, in the vicinity of that old mill, which lots they had been for years following assiduously cultivating for farming purposes. Some of those fun-loving and cucumber-raising islanders, transformed into polished-looking gentlemen, I occasionally see riding in coaches with coats-of-arms painted on the dark panels thereof, little dreaming of the stories I could tell of their youthful pranks, if I were so inclined.

'These transactions, I repeat, are returning upon me with such emphasis, and all the minute accompaniments which attended them, are haunting me so constantly by day and by night, giving me no peace until I begin to jot them down, that I am at a loss to imagine what may come of it, unless it is something to be hatched out. I am persuaded that there is a mysterious connection between these disturbances of my rest and the hat which I have several times alluded to herein, and which can only be satisfactorily explained with your assistance.

'And now, my dear practitioner, are you willing to minister to a subject thus exercised, by hanging up the accompanying portraiture, or rather, by inlaying it upon your 'Table?'—and thus, peradventure, arresting for the time being the panorama which is revolving so egregiously beneath the hat of

Yours inveterately,

'New-York, May 25th, 1859.

R. S. O.'

The Old Domicile.

'WHAT dreams of glad to-morrows
That old house brings to mind;
What mingled joys and sorrows
Are in its past combined!
How many warm hearts bounded
And throbbed within its walls;
What loving voices sounded
Amidst its hallowed halls!

'Bright glimpses are reviving
Of boyhood's merry days,
And through my fancy driving,
As on that spot I gaze:
The yellow-bird is singing,
The bee's low hum I hear,
The shout of playmates ringing
Around the school-house near.

'I miss the queen-like roses
Were wont that porch to crowd,
The cypress now incloses
The trellis like a shroud:
The box that used to border
The cherished tulip-bed,
Now spreads in wild disorder
With all its beauty fled.

'The hop-vine now is swinging
Where honey-suckles hung,
And flaunting climbers clinging
Where once the woodbine clung:
The brier its old place keeping,
With crimson berries glows,
The myrtle, lowly creeping,
The path-way overgrows.

'Lo! grand-sire, gravely sitting
Close by the door-step wide,
And grandame, with her knitting,
E'er busy at his side!
He, o'er the week's news napping,
With spectacles on nose;
She, on her snuff-box tapping,
Nor marring his repose.

'Thus have I seen them waiting
Their loved one's slow approach,
With patience ne'er abating,
Till came the tardy coach,
And brought the tired way-farer,
Through dust and summer heat,
At length to be a sharer
In rest serene and sweet.

'But where is she whose presence
Gave life-tone to the place—
Whose nature was the essence
Of self-denying grace?
Ah! there I see close by me
That dear familiar form,
It passed the gate-way nigh me,
And seemed with being warm.

'Yes, now she's softly stooping
The new-found brood beside;
She lifts the fledgling drooping,
But heeds no bird of pride:
The slighted pets grown jealous,
Her notice oft entreat,
And some of those most zealous,
Their greetings loud repeat.

'The garden-walk she measures,
And culls from each low bed,
Neglecting loftier treasures
Which cluster o'er her head:
With curious care she chooses,
From coverts where they're hid,
The fragrant flowers she uses
To cheer the invalid.

'How many paths were brightened
By her unclouded sun!
How many loads she lightened,
That patient, gentle one!
That unrepining true-heart
Ne'er weary grew nor faint,
What bliss deserved her new-heart,
When ended its constraint!

'And thou, protecting haven,
In life's e'er-shifting sea!
Each stone of thine's engraven
With some loved memory!
And here, 'midst innovation,
And fashion's eager pace,
Though changed, thou hold'st thy station,
Last of a by-gone race!

'Then fare thee well, old dwelling!
Thou canst not long delay,
For Time will soon be telling,
That thou hast passed away:
E'en now, ere yet vacating
Thy place, I dimly see
A storied mansion waiting
To hide thy form from me!

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We preserve, for obvious reasons, the incog. and locale of the writer of the following note: permitting him to have 'his say' in his own way, save that we omit his numerous underscorings, which only serve to weaken his remonstrance:

'Some time since I sent you a little incident for publication, entitled '*An Unexpected Mishap*,' upon which are the following comments in the April number of the KNICKERBOCKER, page 433:

'Is the writer of '*An Unexpected Mishap*' reasonably sure that he has not mistaken his man? Is he quite certain that he is not 'seen through' as though he were a piece of glass — half-cracked at that? If not aware of the fact, let us hint it to him gently: assuring him that he will find it quite impossible to smuggle a 'puff' into these pages, however disguised in the shape of a made-up incident, that is only equalled in its stupidity by its thin transparency,' etc.

'Now all I desire is, to vindicate myself in the above behalf, and relieve you from any doubt that you may entertain in regard to the truth of the incident, and the honesty of purpose with which it was committed to your hands. The incident may have been inflicted with inherent stupidity, owing to a want of judgment or tact in the writer: but I gave it to you just as I wrote it, containing, perhaps in a stupid way, the facts as they really transpired, (*occurred*, our friend means: to *transpire*, is to 'leak out,' to come to light.) You are not bound to publish 'stupid' articles of any kind; for I take it, you are not driven to that extremity for matériel, though you had not a correspondent in the world. Then, too, I did not ask you to publish, except in the event of its fitness, and your approval thereof: (the 'fitness' was lacking, and we *did n't* publish:) I have no especial liking to see my 'name in print,' or any article that I may write. Upon that score I am quite indifferent; and am just as well pleased that you did not publish the '*Mishap*' as if you had. But on the other hand, if there had been any thing in it but 'stupidity and transparency,' you were free to use it as you might see fit.

'I am no 'smuggler:' that forms no part of my business, trade, profession, profit, or livelihood: and I hope I have a better idea of your 'smartness' than to 'mistake my man,' and smuggle into *his* pages any thing but the 'SIMON-pure.' If there was any 'puff' in the thing, I was not aware of it, and never intended it. I presume 'the head and front of my offending' was in citing the manufacturers* of the *particular* 'safe' therein mentioned. Their names I have now forgotten: but whatever they are, I gave their true names and the fact; and if it amounted to a 'puff' or advertisement, it was innocently done.

'The charge of stupidity and transparency I do not care about; but when a man impugns my honesty and the purity of my motives, I ask him, if he can do so, to make me some kind of acknowledgment.

'I am not angry, nor excited; but I want you to have a proper understanding of 'your man;' and then hereafter, as heretofore, I will send you occasionally such things


* Don't know exactly how this is: evidently first written 'manufactur-er,' then crossed out, and made plural: then so over-written as to read 'manufac-ture.'

as I may have time and inclination to write ; and you will be at liberty to publish them or not, according as they rise above or fall below your standard of 'stupidity.'

'Yours very truly,' etc.

This note was accompanied by other 'Incidents,' submitted for insertion, some of which are clever, and will doubtless find accessible space in this 'Gossipry' by-and-by. Meantime, let us say to our correspondent, that if he had been as oblivious of the *names* of his safe-makers, when *we* met his first '*Mishap*,' as he says he is now — names which were dragged in 'by ear and horn' — we should have had nothing to infer, or to accuse him of, *except* 'stupidity.' He is a frank, manly fellow, 'any how,' and we are obliged to him. - - - ALWAYS regarding Austria as the most tyrannical power in Europe, we shall rejoice to see her pride humbled, and her pretensions lowered to a decent standard. And as we write, this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, seems well nigh certain of fulfilment. LOUIS NAPOLEON, VICTOR EMANUEL, and the brave GARIBALDI, with their 'aiders and abettors,' appear to have quite a finger in the Austrian pie. When the proud Emperor of that realm undertook to thrust *his* into JONATHAN's pastry, through his agent BARON HULSEMAN, he was admonished to 'take it right eout,' which 'request' was at once complied with. Admirably keen and cutting was the Secretary of State's letter to the 'noble Baron : ' 'If it had been the pleasure of his Majesty the EMPEROR of Austria, during the struggles in Hungary, to have admonished the provisional government or the people of that country against involving themselves in disaster, by following the evil and dangerous example of the people of the United States of America, in making efforts for the establishment of independent governments, such an admonition from that sovereign to his Hungarian subjects would not have originated *here* a diplomatic correspondence. The PRESIDENT might, perhaps, on this ground, have declined to direct any particular reply to Mr. HULSEMAN's note ; but out of proper respect for the Austrian government, it has been thought better to answer it.' And it *was* 'answered,' and in language which the minister and his illustrious employer probably did not forget the next day after they had read it. Mr. WEBSTER gently insinuated that JONATHAN was some-dele too big a younker to be bullied 'conveniently : ' 'The power of this Republic at the present moment,' (he wrote to the Baron nine years ago,) 'is spread over a region one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburgh are but as a *patch* upon the earth's surface.' 'Somehow or 'nother,' said an old Jersey farmer, in one of our 'Northern New-Jersey Rail-road' cars, the other morning, as he was looking at the portrait of FRANCIS-JOSEPH in one of the illustrated weekly journals : 'somehow or 'nother, I never see a picture of the King of Orstria, without thinking of what DANIEL WEBSTER once wrote to his minister here to Washington : says WEBSTER says he, 'Orstria, when you come to put it alongside the United States, aint no bigger than a patch on your pantaloons!' Ha! ha! And here he is, dressed up mighty fine, in his 'ridgeimentals;' but I kin see the patch on his trowse's as plain as day!' Now we dare say that this plain Saxon word of the lamented ex-Secretary of State has made a similar impression upon thousands of simple minds. How well, come to think of it, DANIEL WEBSTER did *every thing*! - - - THE ancient maxim '*Poeta nascitur non fit*' never received a more mortal stab, and 'put to proof its high supremacy' than in the subjoined instance of mercantile melody. The author,

we are informed, asserts his fondness of BYRON, and quotes SHAKESPEARE by the hour; especially some of the tenderer scenes of 'ROMEO and JULIET,' and some of the more thrilling passages of the 'Tempest.' This, we learn, is not the first effort of his Muse, whose wings (unfortunately for coming generations and the Bard's immortal fame) have been sullied by the vile contact of 'Butter and Lard.' But the author's genius rises superior to place, pursuit, and education: and throwing the gauntlet at the foot of PARNASSUS, banters him to stoop his mystic head and take it up:

- 'Good morning, Mr. CASH,
As this will be before the old and the youth,
This paper will speak the truth.
- 'Mr. FARMER, bring in your butter, eggs, and 'rocks,'
You can get a cart-load of goods for cash at Locke's.
- 'There's the place to play smash,
Buy goods at from 10 to 20 per cent less for cash.
- 'I have goods of all classes,
Walk up and step up and get your 50 cent molasses.
- 'You can get ginger-bread, cakes, all you can swallow,
And eleven pounds of good sugar for one dollar.
- 'Fetch in all your butter and lard,
Trade them for Goods at 10 cents per yard.
- 'All this is truth I declare,
Here is the place to get your Queensware.
- 'On this your life you can bet,
You can get them from 80 to 87 per set.
- 'Please come, *do* come, and see,
I will sell you half pound of good tea.
- 'We have pickles by the can, dozen, or jar,
On hand plenty of good tar.
- 'Feather-bed cords, Ticking, and Pitch,
When you come to town, ride up to Locke's and hitch.
- 'We will try to give you for dinner a good dish,
And when you go home, sell you half barrel of White Fish.
- 'We can please the young, and the old, and the dandy,
And for babies always on hand plenty of candy.
- 'As long as we live let us love one another,
So give us a call, mother, sister, and brother.
 We will do the fair thing at W. Locke's.'

We are not going to state where Mr. LOCKE 'buys,' nor where his customers can be accommodated. If he makes any use of the above, as coming from the KNICKERBOCKER, we shall send him a bill for advertising: 'taking it out,' perhaps, in a nice half-barrel of white-fish. - - - A CORRESPONDENT of a neighbor and friend, who sometimes drops in upon us to enliven our cottage-sanctum, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, (he had been visiting in the neighborhood not long before, after a prolonged absence,) writes as follows: 'I was greatly gratified by my little visit, and was right glad that I had 'been and gone and done it.' There is a quiet beauty, a certain *charm*, about the landscape, peculiar to the bold shores of 'Old Rockland,' mirrored in the waters of the Tappaän-Zee, that in all my travels I have

never seen excelled elsewhere. We have here broad and fertile prairies, stretching as far as the eye can extend, their billowy greenness waving in this beautiful May-day sun: with flowers of every hue, and in ever-changing variety: we have rivers deep and swift, that bear upon their bosoms for thousands of miles the rich fruits of commerce: a sky as clear, an atmosphere as bracing, as can any where else be found: *yet*, were my 'pile' made, I should say: 'Give me a residence upon thy classic shores, O HUDSON!' I had rather live between Haverstraw Bay and New-York, on the shores of that glorious river, than in any other part of the world.'

'And so say all of us—
So say we all!'

every morning when we look abroad. - - - 'THE following,' writes a correspondent, 'were the closing remarks of Rev. Mr. W —, a Methodist minister in Central Ohio, at the funeral of an old and much-esteemed citizen and Christian: 'A word to the friends. Dry up your tears. He might well have said: 'For me to live is CHRIST, but to die, is gain.' He has only gone before; he will meet you up there! You need only say: 'Good night! we shall meet you — in the morning.' Like as the mother robes her child in its night-dress, kisses it, and lays it in its couch, saying, 'Good night, my love! — I shall see you in the morning;' so *we* have taken *him*, and laid him in the night-robcs of the grave, until the morning.' Spoken with deep feeling, and with an eye beaming with Christian faith, the simplicity of this was very effective and touching.' - - - 'J. P. G.,' of Detroit, Michigan, was *not* 'misinformed' exactly; but between the 'report' of our mutual friend 'JOSH,' (by no manner of means a '*silent Josh*,' as every body knows, who knows him,) and the actual *fact*, there is 'a distinction, with a difference.' You see, the way of it was this, 'for short: ' The first 'issey' of the penny press in New-York—the *pioneer*, in fact, of the several journals now so prosperous and so influential — was the '*New-York Daily Sun*.' We received, at the door of the first 'Sun' office, from the hands of Mr. DAY, (we were going home from FOLKE's Bindery, in Vandewater-street,) a copy of the first number of the first penny paper which was ever issued in our metropolis. This is, at the present moment 'neither here nor there.' It must suffice to say, that '*The Sun*,' shining for all, at a low figure, became an INSTITUTION of our town. It was emulated, it was imitated, but it was itself *alone*: and at this moment, Mr. MOSES Y. BEACH stands at the very apex of the monument which *should* be raised in honor of the first man who adventured his all in establishing the *First Cheap Newspaper in America*. Well, to 'cut it short,' after a time, when 'adventure' became a palpable reality, and enterprise had achieved its full fruition, the elder BEACH resigned his duties into the hands of his sons; and to celebrate the event, at his house in Chambers-street, opposite the north side of the old Park, he gave an elegant and numerous-attended supper, at which, with pleasant confraternity, almost all the brother-editors of Gotham 'assisted.' It was a pleasant, cheerful, festive time. There was plenty of enjoyment, without excess of any sort. There was an *esprit-de-corps*, not always, we grieve to say, to be found among our political journalists in New-York. The FOUNDER was elaborately and multitudinously toasted. He had been the '*Rising Sun*;' he was now about to become the '*Setting Sun*;' his beams, which had shone for all

in the morning of 'Penny Journalism' were still to continue to shine after that night, with renewed brilliancy, and so forth. There was too much, as we thought, of MOSES and the profits of his establishment, and too little of the enterprising, spirited, experienced young men, his carefully-trained 'boys,' who were to succeed him. And when a thin reporter of marked procerity of frame, well stricken in years, whose forehead began at the back of his neck; whose head seemed to roll round in his thin, yellowish wig; and whose aspect made us think that his father must have been URIAH HEAP and his mother JOB TROTTER; when *he* got up, the last hair of his loose thatch broke the camel's back: and so it was, that when he had finished his much speaking, and had dwelt in weeping phrase upon 'that good man' who had employed him so long, and paid him so well, we, being called upon, arose to do justice to his successors: 'MR. CHAIRMAN, let us not forget to do honor to, and bestow our good wishes upon, the young gentlemen who are to succeed their venerable father, from this time henceforth, in the conduct of the New-York daily *Sun*. We yield, Sir, to none, in respect and honor for the elder BEACH, who is this night to retire from a station which he has so long held, and the duties of which he has discharged with so much credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public. But, Sir, while we do honor to the *elder* BEACH, let us not neglect to fill our glasses to the prolonged health, present prosperity, and continued success of the two sons of BEACH's who are to succeed him.' The justice of the sentiment was apparent. It was drank with all the honors: and that, Mr. 'J. P. G.,' was 'all there was of it'—and it was little enough at that. All we can say is, 'It made a considerable sensation at the time.' - - - THE subjoined brief description of CHURCH's great picture, '*The Heart of the Andes*,' was pencilled as an immediate 'recollection' of some of its more prominent features, by Mrs. J. L. P., of the New-York Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and a graduate of that institution, a lady of rare personal and intellectual accomplishments:

'WHAT fascinated me most was the clouds and the mountains in the distance. The clouds seemed to me like those 'gates of pearl' that open into heaven. The atmosphere was the softest, most alluring and dreamy of any thing I had ever seen or imagined: the mountains, towering up on each side, crowned with the richest and most varied green. And, away up, so far that the eye could scarcely distinguish it, gushed out a little stream, gradually widening until it reaches your feet, where the waters seem almost to tarry; and so clear are they, that you can look down into them, and away beneath fancy you see the shells and pebbles lying. The banks of the stream on each side break off abruptly, while the earth seems to have caved off, and left the roots of the trees bare, still reaching down toward the water. On the other side the representation slopes away into a forest of such luxuriance that you wish involuntarily that you had no other object in life, at least for the time, than to lie on the soft, rich moss-covered earth, and let your soul float away in that heavenly atmosphere, up through the pearly gates of the mountains: and yet you would scarcely desire to pass, for it is hard to imagine a Paradise more perfect. There is one ray of sun-light glancing through the thickly-interlaced vines and foliage, and it falls with such a softening beauty, that it seems unnatural to believe it only a copy on canvas. Such mingled grandeur and enchanting softness are rarely combined, even in Nature: how much more rarely in Art!'

Having seen CHURCH's *chef-d'œuvre*, the reader of the foregoing would be tempted to say, that even though the Deaf might not hear, the Dumb could *speak*, 'and that right well.' It is terse and just. - - - '*A Reminiscence, done into Rhyme by Jones*,' we are informed, records an actual fact. 'But what an' if it does?' Is it thence to be inferred that his false friend represents 'all the world, and the rest of mankind?' By no manner of means, Mr. 'JONES:'

'Some years ago, when I was young,
And filled with hope and pride and folly,
Ere sorrow came, and o'er me flung
Its gloomy pall of melancholy,
I had a friend, of just my years;
I loved him with a deep devotion:
His griefs and joys, his hopes and fears,
Produced in me a like emotion.

'I toiled for years to win a name,
Through sleepless nights and days of trouble,
To learn this truth at last, that Fame
Is but an empty, air-blown bubble.
My friend sought wealth, and often wrote
That he was rich, and loved me dearly;
And always closed his friendly note
With, 'Yours most truly and sincerely.'

'And once he wrote: 'My dear old Chum,
If you are short—now, don't be silly—
Just drop a line, and name the sum
To me, your friend and crony, WILLIE.'
But still, I had a foolish pride
To keep from him my little pinches:
We like, if possible, to hide
Our wants from one who never flinches.

'And thus I labored late and long,
Until my hopes and nerves were shattered,
Until my health, which never strong,
Gave out, and then my friends soon scattered;
For they had learned that I was poor:
Now penury is not disgraceful;
But to the rich, it shuts the door,
And makes its victim seem distasteful.

'And now, I thought, since health has flown,
My ancient, wealthy friend will aid me.
A small amount, a trifling loan
From one so true, will not degrade me.
For still he wrote, that better far
He loved me than a blood relation;
He talked about his 'lucky star,'
His wife and means, his wealth and station.

'Then with a faltering pen, one day,
(I had not nerve to do it boldly,)
I wrote: 'I have my rent to pay,
Nor dreamed that he would take it coldly.
I waited long: I watched the mail,
Till all my clothes were growing seedy;
It came at last; I read (in jail)
'I've nearer friends just twice as needy.'

'Thus ended one of boyhood's dreams,
As many a dream before has ended:
Friendship is rarely what it seems—
With money often closely blended.
I left my books, and earned my bread
By earnest, patient, healthy labor,
And sleep serenely in my bed,
Nor owe a dime to friend or neighbor.

'The moral here is easy shown,
If they who read will only heed it:
To test a friend, just ask a loan
Of money when you really need it.
Another lesson may be learned,
Unaided by the light of science:
That gold and fame are only earned
By patient toil and self-reliance.'

This last lesson is a good one: it is a maxim of FRANKLIN'S, and one of the very best to be found in 'Poor RICHARD'S Almanac' - - - MR. SAMUEL H. HAMMOND, when he was the editor of a daily journal in Albany, was challenged by a certain 'blood' of New-York, to 'go upon the field of honor' with him, either in Maryland, or in Canada, nearer by. After thinking the matter over, Mr. HAMMOND declined the 'cartel,' for the subjoined 'good and sufficient reasons,' as he regarded them:

'1. The thing was contrary to law, and I had no desire to be hung for killing him, or that he should be hung for killing me.

'2. I had a wife who loved me, and who would mourn for me if I fell. He had only a mistress, who would rejoice at his death as relieving her from the necessity of flying from his protection to that of some other man.

'3. I had three children, for whose education I was in honor and by nature bound to provide. He had none.

'4. Society had no stake in his life. His continuance would be no blessing, and its extinguishment no loss. Society had some claims upon me—upon him it had none; I had some claims upon society—he had none.

'And there the matter has rested ever since.'

This is somewhat akin, although not exactly in kind, with an anecdote of a duel proposed and accepted at Albany, before the abolition of the 'code of honor' in our Empire State. A gentleman, a member of the State Legislature, from a northern county, was challenged by another member for offensive words spoken in debate. The belligerent proposition was at once received by 'the defendant,' who, being the challenged party, was conceded the choice of weapons and of the ground. He chose broad-swords, and the 'position' was to be on each side of the St. Lawrence river, where it was not less than a mile wide! The idea was scouted as evasive and absurd, by the sanguinary challenger. 'Very well,' answered the challenged party, 'what do you desire?' 'Why, that you should fight with the weapons of a gentleman.' 'What do you *call* 'gentlemanly weapons?'' 'Why, pistols, of course.' 'Very well, pistols *be it*, then: I shall not balk your inclination.' 'Where shall we meet?' 'On the top of 'Sugar-Loaf Hill,' a mile from the village, at six o'clock to-morrow morning: we shall stand back to back, each march forward fifteen paces, then turn, and between the words 'One,' 'Two,' 'Three,' we fire.' 'All right: ' and the next morning they *did* meet, as agreed upon: but the 'make of the ground' was found to be peculiar: 'Sugar-Loaf Hill was *almost* a sharp cone; and when they had marched their fifteen paces, and turned to fire, each was entirely out of sight of the other! The challenger marched back, and roared out to his escaped 'victim,' who was walking off from the 'field of honor,' 'What new subterfuge is *this*? You are a *coward*, sir!' 'I know that,' was the instant reply, 'and so did *you*, or you would n't have challenged me!' And so it was that he held on his way down-hill, at a rapid pace. - - - LATE reports from the seat of war, over-sea, inform us that the French frigate *Pomone* has been chasing several Austrian vessels, which, to avoid capture, ran ashore on the coast of Troy. The same Gallic frigate captured and towed into Tenedos an Austrian bark, with a cargo of *rags*! This is a renewal of ancient scenes in those classic waters: but how different from the 'years of old'—say in the era of TROILUS and CRESIDA? Do you remember the freights of the shipping in that quarter, 'about those days?' Somewhat otherwise. *Then*, 'the princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,' against those coasts sent forth their ships 'fraught with the ministers and instruments of cruel war:'

'To Tenedos they came:
And the deep-drawing barks did there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage.'

Pass the centuries: and a bark, drawing, nobody-knows how much water, is chased into Tenedos, where it disgorges an un-warlike 'fraughtage' of—*rags*! What a 'falling off' from the olden time! - - - We recently received from a correspondent who shall be nameless, a note to the following effect: 'Inclosed please find a second edition of '*The Harp of a Thousand Strings*.' If you wish to record it, it is at your disposal: if not, please return it to me.' We *did* return '*Whangdoodle*' at once, accompanied by a brief note, of which the subjoined was the 'net upshot and purport': 'Imitations of keenly-individual sketches, however well done, belong merely to a class of clever plagiarisms. The *first* is the original: and if it '*bites*,' as the 'Harp' did, most emphatically, no one can successfully 'play second-fiddle' to it. Thanks, however, for your kind intentions,' etc.

And these are 'our sentiments.' - - - THE New-York *'Evening Post'* daily journal records the following anecdote of Judge GOULD, of Troy, above us, on 'Udson, presiding (at this present writing) over the Oyer and Terminer of this metropolis. He must have not a little of the vim and strong common-sense of his exceedingly clever brother, the lamented JOHN W. GOULD, mentioned in the Narrative-History of the KNICKERBOCKER, in our July number.

'THE trial of JAMES GLASS for the murder of RICHARD OWENS is now in progress before Judge GOULD, of Troy, at the Oyer and Terminer in this city. Dr. FERGUSON having yesterday been called by the prosecution to prove the cause of OWENS' death, testified that OWENS had some bruises on his head of a comparatively trifling character, and that he had a gun-shot wound through the heart. On cross-examination, Mr. WHITING put a variety of questions to the doctor, as to whether the bruises on the head might not have caused the death of OWENS; whether, if those bruises might not, more severe bruises would; whether, if more severe bruises would not have caused the death of OWENS, they might not have caused the death of a man of OWENS' size, and so forth. After Mr. WHITING had pursued this line of questioning till, perhaps, some of the jurors began to doubt whether poor OWENS was in fact dead, Judge GOULD took the witness:

JUDGE: 'You have now, Doctor, answered the counsel as to what *might* have killed OWENS. Will you tell me what *did* kill him?

DOCTOR: 'The bullet, Sir.

JUDGE: 'Have you any doubt on that point?

DOCTOR: 'Not the least, Sir.

JUDGE: 'That will do, Sir.'

Curt and especially to the point: reminding us very forcibly of an incident which occurred before a certain Albany judge, waggishly inclined, several years ago. The case before the Court was one of Assault and Battery. A pompous, wordy, windy, and witless young limb of the law was for the plaintiff. 'Did you,' said he to the witness upon the stand, after the case had well advanced, 'did you, Sir, see this man, this person here before you, this individual, this defendant here now before the bar of this Honorable Court, did you *see* that person raise his muscular arm and excite and aggravate the already sufficiently alarmed fears of my client?' 'S-i-r-r?' asked the utterly dubified and dumb-founded witness.

'My question,' repeated the inexperienced legal '*Blatherskite*,' '(and the honorable Court will perceive that it was sufficiently explicit and direct,) was this: and let us see whether this unwilling witness will answer it *this* time: The question is: Did you, Sir, have an unclouded view; were there no intervening obstacles between you and the object of attack — in other words, were your optics unobscured, in all respects, when you beheld this individual raise his powerful and muscular arm, and attempt to coerce, and, as it were, to *preponderate* upon the already (as I have said) abundantly-sufficiently excited fears of my client, who stands before *you*, yourself, and this honorable Court, to demand — ay, Sir, and to receive — justice, simple *justice* (he asks no more) at the hands of this bench, this bar, this court?'

'*S-i-r-r-r?*' asked the poor bothered witness, once more, with an 'inquiring countenance,' which was almost pitiful to behold.

Here the commiserating Judge kindly interfered: 'The counsel will please per-

mit the court to ask the witness a single question: Did you see the defendant in this case, that man standing on your right, strike this plaintiff, the man near you on your left? — did you see him strike him?

'Oh, *yes*: I see him *strike* him: 't was a walloper, too: knocked him as flat as caäf: you ought to have *seen* him, when he tried to get up, and ——'

'That'll do,' interrupted the Judge: 'we have the *fact* which the learned counsel, we believe, was trying to elicit!' - - - 'Do you care, dear KNICK,' writes a Lawrence (Mass.) correspondent, 'to hear again from the poet-shepherd of New-Hampshire, who sang of the vitriolic fate of MILES SHOREY; who bewailed the bulky JOHN MARCH; who lamented the premature demise of the fair ESTHER MERROW, with her 'soft flesh' and 'dense bones?' (Well, yes: *we* do n't care: 'Go ahead:') I see by 'pome' eighty-second, in his volume, that his lyrics were published by subscription: 'said pome' being a tribute to those who had aided in giving to the world his exquisite effusions. In a sort of poetical preface, he tells us that they are 'suitable' to all 'peoples,' good for all sorts and conditions of men:

'SUITING white, and men of color,
In the north or torrid zone:
But the critic, who's annuller,
Best to let my book alone.

'In my book are various beauties,
Painted fairly to the eye:
And a score of real duties,
On which the public may rely.

'Though my writings are not handsome,
Yet some beauties may be seen;
And if never termed handsome,
Every rank they may convene:

'Fit for saint, and fit for sinner,
Fit for all the world at large;
Giving each or all a dinner
If from it do not emerge.'

And now listen, for a moment, to the poet's all-embracing 'puff' of his 'patrons.' The SHEPHERD is an ass, of the 'first water,' and a humbug of the large blue kind: all this is not to be doubted: but such fools are often more amusing than solemn rhyming owls who may *see* deeper, but are not themselves half so transparent:

'Upon the shores of Saco river
I have friends as free as life;
Noble husbands (pleasant children)
Each possess a charming wife.

'Husband firm as Gibraltar,
And in business ne'er give o'er,
Nor in labors ever falter
While the Saco falls do roar:

'Those are men I much admire;
When among them I have been:
Helped to grace my noble lyre,
And awakes my nimble pen:

'Lent their names to aid my poem,
Followed by a generous sum;
Pleaded not that 'they were owing,'
But their lively feelings run.

'Noble men, of different stations,
Lent their names my book to rear,
Which may flow to unborn nations —
Through the trackless ages steer!

'Doctors, they were well designing,
Looked my little poem o'er,
And with other names combining,
Offered freely of their store.

'Merchants, with their lawns and gauzes,
Cast no scornful eyes on me;
Beheld my book — inquired its causes —
My remark was: 'Come and see!'

'Mixed with elegance and beauty,
Each subscribed his flowing name,
Smiled to think they'd done their duty,
Hoped they ne'er should be to blame.

'The tavern-keepers, they were pleasant,
Called me round their flowing board,
And in manners each were fluent,
Their assistance did afford.

'Farmers, and the lively teamster,
Led by some internal ray,
Both the aged and the youngster,
Help to grace my noble lay.'

The greater fools they: but why do *you* continue to make a dolt of yourself?
'Gentle 'SHEPHERD,' tell us why!' - - - BAYARD TAYLOR, in one of his very

entertaining autobiographical chapters in the '*New-York Mercury*' weekly journal, speaking of his humble lodgings at a chop-house, in an obscure quarter of London, on his first visit to that mammoth metropolis, mentions one fact, to which we desire to call especial attention. He says: 'The chop-house was the resort of actors, from some low theatre in Whitechapel; hackmen, sailors occasionally, and pawn-brokers' clerks. I kept aloof from them, taking my chop in a solitary stall, and reading old numbers of the *Times*, or a greasy copy of the *Family Herald*, when it was too cold to remain in my room. The people never interfered with me in any way. They respected my silence and reserve; and so I fared better than might have been expected. During the whole six weeks of my stay, I was never asked a personal question. Could the same thing happen in the United States?' A pregnant question this last, implying and rebuking, and *justly* rebuking, a general JONATHAN-ish impropriety. One may be reading a morning journal on board a steamer; he may be looking out of a rail-car window, enjoying his own quiet thoughts, or surveying with a loving eye the passing landscape; he is *not* safe, any where, from the intrusion upon him of questions which the stranger-querist has no right to ask, and of voluntary remarks, talked *at* him, which as the lawyers say, are not only 'leading' but 'impertinent to the case.' A good cure for this sort of intrusion and enforced '*conversation*,' is a resort to monosyllables: 'Yes;' 'no;' 'ah;' 'certainly;' 'indeed,' etc. 'Not much to be got out of *that* witness,' is a speedy inference, and the impertinence very suddenly 'expires from want of sustenance.' - - - 'THE inclosed application for discount,' writes a friend, an officer of the 'State Bank of Iowa,' at Des Moines, 'would not perhaps be considered in 'proper form' on Wall-street, although genuine, and made in good faith. You are at liberty to use it, in consideration solely that you will give our correspondent some light on the 'bank-in systiam,' and suppress proper names. Oh, certainly: so here's 'the document,' in type from the original ms:

State of Iowa, W—— County.

January the 1th, 1859.

'DEARE SER I can informe you that we are all well Hoping When thes few lins comes to hand tha Will find you all in the same helth I wich to git some infiermation from the bank in systiam I dont Noe but what I shal hafto borow sum money I which You to let me Noe how they lone money whether by free hold seccourty are tha take real Estate and what lenth of time tha Will give to pay it in What per cent We which to Borow about \$500 and Ef we shal fail to pay the princeble at the time Ef we can pay the intrust and renew or Ef we can put other notes and Draw and what Discount tha Will have on Good notes or notes on Good men Dew, Drawing ten per cent from Date this from L—— T—— and J—— I—— to S—— H——.

'rite quick and Direct your leter to H—— county, H—— post office.'

It will be seen that some 'lenth of time' has elapsed since the foregoing was written: nevertheless, we 'wish to git the infiermation' before our readers. The 'bank-in systiam' needs explication. - - - M. SALAMANCA, of Madrid, according to the London '*Spectator*,' (and there is no better authority,) is an eminent and exceedingly wealthy Spanish banker. He was formerly a literary man, a journalist, belonging to the 'moderate' political party of Spain: and it has been his custom, for a long time, once a week to draw around his hospitable board his author-

friends, painters, sculptors, editors of prominent journals, etc. These guests of his not long since invited him to join *them* at an unpretending dinner, given at an excellent restaurant, at which the table, instead of being ornamented by rare and costly flowers, presented a tasteful pyramid of books in its centre, surrounded by busts of CALDERON, LOPE DE VEGA, CERVANTES, VELASQUEZ, and others. We ask a moment's attention to M. SALAMANCA's brief remarks:

'GENTLEMEN,' said he, 'about twenty-five years ago, the old and thread-bare cassock of SALAMANCA, then a student in the University of Grenada, might have been among the oldest and most worn-out cassocks of his comrades. When my education was completed, I proceeded to Malaga, and made myself a *gacettillero* (journalist) of the *Avisador Malagueno*. Then the love of gold took possession of my soul, and it was Madrid that I found the object of my adoration; but not without the loss of my juvenile illusion. Believe me, gentlemen, the man who can satisfy all his wishes has no enjoyment. Keep the way you have entered on, I advise you. ROTHSCHILD's celebrity will cease on the day of his death. Immortality can be earned, but not bought. Here are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated liberal arts; their busts I have met with throughout the whole of Europe: but no where have I found a statue erected to the memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money. To-day I speak to you with my feelings of twenty-two years, for in your company I have forgotten that I am a banker, and only thought of my youth and days of gay humor.'

The recognition of the fact here recorded by M. SALAMANCA has become a positive necessity in our own metropolis, with all who would essay and achieve a refined and distinguished social position. - - - We think so too: we agree with our contemporary of '*Harper's Weekly*.' Boston *is* a great institution: and it had a right to do honor to the gifted and modest MORPHY: it had a right to 're-revolve the honors' among the peers of its intellectual 'circle.' We like to see this provincial *esprit de corps*: for, as the poet sings: Lives there

'A Boston man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native Boston?''

When New-York feasts a prodigy, shall the men of Boston be forbidden to have a 'lively time' in dining him? When Gotham gives him gold and silver chess-men, shall not Boston present him a silver coffee-pot, with the tale of his exploits engraven thereon? Why should *we* complain, because our little sister presents her 'storied urn' and has her animated 'bu'st' in honor of one who wears the laurels so meekly which he has won so nobly? 'Marry, tell us *that*, and unyoke.' The implication is unexplainable. - - - To our mind, there is something very touching in this *Incident of the War in Italy*, which is mentioned in a letter from Alessandria, at the seat of war, which we find in the *Evening Post* daily journal. Such feeling on the part of French soldiers toward their wounded enemies we are afraid is not fully reciprocated on the part of their foes. 'I noticed several of the wounded who were dangerously hurt; one in particular had three serious wounds: the one most so, was a deep cut on the forehead. On it was laid a piece of cloth that had been wet and placed there to cool his head. A young French officer who was passing noticed the poor fellow's sufferings, and taking off the small bit of dirty

cloth, he took from his pocket his handkerchief, and dipping it in some cool water, he laid it upon the fevered brow of the prisoner. The relief was great; the man opened his eyes, took hold of the officer's hand and pressed it to his lips. The young man passed on: I hastened to have a look at one so kind-hearted, and saw that he was decorated with a variety of crosses and medals, which proved that he was brave as well as generous. The treatment extended to these wounded Austrians is so kind that they seem really astonished at it.' Well, as CARLYLE says, 'these men have no quarrel: busy as the DEVIL is, not the smallest: only their governors have fallen out!' - - - MRS. PARTINGTON is turning her attention to physical science and metaphysics. Here are specimens: 'The airth is round, my son, like a napple, and revolves on its own axel-tree round the sun, jest as reg'lar as any machine you ever see. The airth is made up of land and water and rocks, besides vegetation and trees, and things growing. The mountings upon the service of the earth, are very high — more'n a half a mile, I should think; some of 'em are called white mountings, because they aint black. The ocean is very deep, and some folks thinks it has n't got no bottom: this is all gammon; every thing has got a bottom, my son. The reason they can't find it is 'cause the world is round. They throw their sinker over-board, and it goes right through one side, and hangs down underneath: *of course* they can't find any bottom!' And this is a sample of the good old dame's logic, demonstrating the proposition that 'When it does not rain, it Rains.' 'When it rains, the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture, and whenever the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture it rains. No atmosphere has ever been so fully charged with moisture as was the atmosphere at the time of the deluge. The present atmosphere is more fully charged with moisture than no atmosphere. Hence the present atmosphere is more fully charged with moisture than was the atmosphere at the time of the deluge. Therefore it rains: and 'not only rains, but pours!'' - - - Mr. GEORGE DAWSON, of the *Albany Evening Journal*, (with whom we should have 'forgathered' aforetime, when we were up in 'The Tract,' with a numerous deputation from the 'Brothers' of the NorthWoods Walton Club) is right. G. H. EDWARDS is 'the' man to cook brook-trout. We know: because, as the gentleman remarked, when he came away in some haste from a burning building, we 'have *been* there.' Witness the 'SHANTY' at the South Lake — on that glorious summer evening! But observe Mr. EDWARDS' 'style,' as well depicted by Mr. DAWSON, who was expected by sundry confrères, when *our* 'occasion' was being fulfilled:

'It is a study to see him engaged in the work of preparation and consummation. First, the pork-frying process. Every drop of fat must be extracted by a slow and careful process. Then the trout, if small, to the number of twenty, are placed (heads and points alternately) into the huge frying-pan. Their upper surface is then profusely sprinkled with salt, and the cooking begins. He selects a cozy resting-place for his pan, at a proper distance above a gathering of live coals, and, (frequently removing them lest they should cook too fast or be scorched,) when they are beautifully browned upon the one side, he thrusts his knife beneath them and flaps them over as a house-wife does a pan-cake — all at once. And then the picture which these turned fish present! A rich, juicy brown — crisp and odorous! And when cooked, what a luscious morsel — with a flavor which reduces nectar to the low grade of small-beer, and marks turtle-soup as insipid as barley-broth.'

As Mrs. GAMP says, 'not to be deniged of by no person' who has ever tasted EDWARDS' cooked 'SPECKLED.' Chenango-forks, (the only place where he can draw off his big fishing-boots,) is not so *very* far off, but what a mess of trout, in ice, might reach us by the Erie Rail-road — though what would *that* be to 'the SHANTY!' N'atheless, let 'em come! - - - We called attention, in our May number, by a brief line or two, to a work from the press of MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, entitled '*Tressilian and his Friends*,' by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, the very *name* of which must have been happily chosen, as it caused the book to be borrowed from our table by a lady-lover-of-good-books; and it was only until recently that it was returned to the sanctum, bearing external evidence of having been 'numerously' if not *carefully* perused. And the book *deserves* the success which it has achieved. We write in late June, and already the third edition, we perceive, is announced. It consists of several tales, various in kind, but all exceedingly well told, from a locality and in a company admirably described and individualized. One of them was contributed by the author to the KNICKERBOCKER some twenty-three-years ago; and we especially remember that it was widely copied and commended at the time. And here, calling to mind Dr. MACKENZIE's frequent and always most acceptable communications, in prose and verse, to this Magazine, almost from its very commencement, it is proper, 'in this connection,' that we should advert gratefully to the fact. When he was the editor-in-chief of a daily journal in Liverpool, England, besides his own favors, he interested other and eminent pens in our behalf. It was through him that we received the several beautiful poems of the lamented MARY ANNE BROWNE, a sister, we believe, of Mrs. HEMANS; he obtained for us, from ROBERT SOUTHEY, the original of that beautiful poem, 'Queen MARY's Christening;' and we *think* it was from his hand (though it may have been inclosed by the author in a letter to our twin-brother) that we received an original poem from BULWER: and especially will our readers remember Dr. MACKENZIE's long and very able article, published not long since in these pages, touching SOUTHEY's denial of the authorship of 'The Doctor,' and the ingenious discovery, through the KNICKERBOCKER, by the lamented HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, that he *was* the author, 'nevertheless and notwithstanding.' We are the more anxious to mention these facts, in justice to Dr. MACKENZIE, and 'in satisfaction' of our grateful acknowledgments, since, in common with many another of our most popular contributors, his name was omitted from the nearly twenty-year-old list, published in the last number of our Editorial Narrative of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. - - - 'The following characteristic *Anecdote of Aaron Burr*,' writes a friendly correspondent, 'is good enough, I think, to have found a place in Mr. PARTON's memoir. It has at least the merit of being entirely authentic: 'AARON BURR, it was related to me by a nephew of the venerable DANIEL CADY, who often heard that eminent jurist rehearse it. BURR was always sententious and pointed in his 'summing up:' and he was annoyed whenever any thing occurred to disturb the attention of the Court. He was one time making an argument before the Court of Appeals, when two of the judges put their heads together and began to whisper. BURR instantly ceased speaking, and waited deferentially for the 'confab' to close. One of the judges observing this, made a gesture, and said rather curtly: 'Go on, Mr. BURR, go on; there is no occa-

sion for stopping!' BURR bowed with that irresistible suavity for which he was noted, and remarked: 'I was afraid that I should disturb the *deliberations* of the Court!' It is needless to add that the 'grave and reverend' seigneurs' gave the most undivided attention to the remainder of his argument.' It was a deserved 'hit,' and 'duly appreciated.' - - - Mr. FREDERICK SAUNDERS' *Mosaics*, published by CHARLES SCRIBNER, is doing good service to his reputation. Besides being externally even a handsomer book than his *Salad for the Solitary*, it will, we think, prove to be still more popular. 'With a wide and various range of reading, an excellent memory, and a cultivated taste, he has gathered together a brilliant collection of intellectual gems, which appear to great advantage in the appropriate setting that here surrounds them. Among the topics which find illustration, from the ample resources of the compiler, are Author-Craft, The Human Face Divine, Origin of Celebrated Books, The Magic of Music, and others of a kindred character. In arranging his materials, he has not given his volume the appearance of a mere selection of 'elegant extracts,' but has molded them together by a natural process of suggestion into a compact and effective unity. His favorite authors include the great lights both of English and American literature, while he has also drawn from oblivion many names of inferior note.' - - - THERE is supposed to be, and without question there is, a mistake, (doubtless a typographical error,) in a certain passage in SHAKESPEARE's play of the colored person, OTHELLO. He, OTHELLO, in most editions of the Great Bard, is made to give the following direction:

— 'Put out the light,
And then — put out the light.'

This language embodies a tautological solecism upon the very face of it. The simple injunction which SHAKESPEARE intended that Mr. O'THELLO, (who, although haply he was black, was an Irishman, from 'County Cork,') was, that the serving-man should extinguish the sperm luminary, and then retire, leaving him (O'THELLO) 'all alone by himself in that place.' Hence the specific instruction:

— 'Put out the light,
And then — 'put!''

Meaning, of course, after having snuffed out the 'dip,' 'Go away;' 'Subside;' 'Make yourself scarce;' 'Disperse;' 'Leave;' 'Cut;' 'Git eout.' *Voilà le grand simplicité! — voilà Mossieu Shak-espier himself!* Yes: you never hear the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. Unquestionably, we have here the true 'reading:' and farther, it is a step in the right *direction*: for being eleven o'clock at night; the rain dripping upon the piazza; 'while all the air a solemn stillness holds;' we are going to 'douse the glim' and retire:

— 'Put out the light,
And then — put!'

Good-night all! — good-night! - - - THE processes of reasoning, by which children arrive at conclusions, are often very quaint and original: E. G —, a diminutive kins-boy of ours, 'just rising four year old,' after an unusually long silence at dinner the other day, suddenly accosted his father with: 'Pa, did you know I had a soul?' 'Certainly, WILLIE,' replied his somewhat-taken-aback

'parient'; 'but who told you, you had a soul?' 'Mamma told me, and' — with a quaint look of puzzled intelligence WILLIE added: 'I think it's on my back.' 'On your back!' exclaimed both mother and father; 'what makes you think your soul is on your back, WILLIE?' 'Why, mamma told me *I could n't see my soul, and I can see all over me but my back, so I think it's on my back!*' Is n't that a curious specimen of induction-infantine? - - - Mr. JOHN F. TROW, corner White-street and Broadway, has just issued, well printed on strong paper, the most copious, comprehensive, and conveniently-arranged *New-York Directory* that was ever published in this city. However, it may always be assumed that what Mr. Trow *undertakes* to do, will be done in the best manner in which it *can* be done. He has shown this in many ways. - - - Who is the author of the very clever sketches in the *Dublin University Magazine*, oddly enough entitled 'The Season Ticket?' Let us modestly vaticinate the authentic response: staunch old Tory though he be, (yet a loving desiderater of all the Democratic KNICKERBOCKERS, 'from the beginning hitherto,') we will wager 'a ducat to a beggarly denier' that the premature '*Sir SAM SLICK*' is the man. 'Hear till him, just:'

'THE Irish can't eat nothing but tators, and drink nothing but whiskey, and talk nothing but priests and patriots, auctions, and repeal. They do n't do nothen like nobody else. Their coats are so long they drag on the ground like the tail of a Nan-tucket cow, which is so cussed poor that she can't hold it up, and their trousers are so short they do n't reach below their knees, with two long strings dangling from them that are never tied, and three buttons that never felt an eyelet-hole; and wear hats that have no roofs on 'em. The pigs are fed in the house, and the children beg on the road. They won't catch fish for fear they would have to use them in Lent, nor raise more corn than they eat, for fear they would have to pay rent. They sit on their ears sideways, like a gal on a side-saddle, and never look ahead, so they see but one side of a thing, and always act and fight on one side — there is no *two ways* about them. And yet, hang me if I do n't like them, take them by and large, better than the English, who are as heavy and stupid as the porter they guzzle all day; who hold their chin so everlastin' high, they do n't see other folks' toes they are for ever a-treadin' on; who are as proud as LUCIFER, and ape his humility; as rich as CRESUS, and as mean as a Jew; talking from one year's end to another of educating the poor, and wishing the devil had flown away with Dr. FAUSTUS before he ever invented types; praising us forever, and lamenting COLUMBUS had n't gone to the bottom of the sea, instead of discovering America; talking of reform from July to eternity, and asking folks if they do n't hope they may get it.'

If that is n't HALIFAX HALIBURTON, Gent., may we, when we visit the 'Green Isle,' (which we hope one day to do,) be compelled to cudgel our way through Donnybrook Fair, without any hat to take care of our head; 'and that is no joke, if you knew the place,' according to poor departed 'PADDY POWER.' Judge HALIBURTON says Mr. SPARROWGRASS is 'a perfect trump.' - - - To '*A Spiritualist from the Beginning Hitherto*,' we answer most decidedly, '*No!*' Such a man as our old and esteemed friend, Judge EDMONDS, may perhaps present 'all that *can* be presented in opposition to the arguments against Spiritualism;' but such an epigramatic sputter of darkness visible as that with which our would-be correspondent furnishes us, could enlighten nobody, and 'convince' nobody, ex-

cept as illustrating *one* fact, and that is, that the writer must have been an ass, 'from the beginning hitherto.' His 'arguments'

——— 'dispense a ray
Of darkness like the light of DAY
And MARTIN over all.'

The '*Spiritual Cosmos*' went into our grate, early one June morning, when we had a little fire, before 'sun-up,' to take away the breezy chilliness. - - - COMING up on our new '*Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey*' the other morning, the annexed hand-bill, in flaring guise, first in German and next in English, was handed to us by an excited Dutchman :

\$ 5 R E W A R D ! \$ 5

'THERE have be lost a white and red spotty Cow with red ears.
'He who brings the Cow back or gives any information of his, will get the above Reward.

WETZEL,
'Northhoboken, near the Church.'

Who has seen the 'white and red spotty cow with red ears?' - - - MUCH too brief and incomprehensive was the notice in our last number, of Mr. F. S. COZZENS' '*Acadia, or Life Among the Blue-Noses.*' The work was thoroughly re-written after its appearance in the KNICKERBOCKER, and half a score or so of new chapters, replete with interest, have been added. It is a book full of *entertainment*, in the best sense of the word. The Nova-Scotia journals are unanimous in its praise. One of them says : 'How it could have been written by an *American*, is a mystery.' This is slightly 'cool,' it strikes us on this last day but one of June, the hottest as yet of the season, when nothing but our friend LUCIUS HART's *glorious* Ice-Pitchers can keep one from dissolving. By-the-by, speaking of Mr. SPARROW-GRASS : we predict from his pen a new book, and that this sketch of an English cockney on the Rhine, which we take from his lively and instructive '*Wine-Press,*' will flourish in its pages :

. . . 'In the midst of this excitement and enthusiasm, a traveller, with whiskers and straps, satchel and opera-glass, walked up and down, unobservant of the scenery, miserable and melancholy, without a glance at the vineyards, or the mountains, or the castles. Then I knew that he was an Englishman, doing the Rhine. He walked up to our table and said, in that peculiar English voice which always suggests catarrh :

' 'Going up the Rhine, Sir?'

' 'Rather,' said I, drily (for I hate bores.)

' 'Aw!'—now the reader must translate for himself—'Forst time ye'beene h'yar?'

' 'Yes,' I answered; 'is it your first visit also?'

' 'Aw—no! 'been hear-bu'foh; sev-wal times. How fawr 'goin, Sawr?' (Do n't talk of Yankee inquisitiveness.)

' 'To Mayence, and no further this evening.' Opera-glass levelled directly at Ehrenbreitstein.

' 'Gaw'ng to Hyd'l-bug?'

' 'I think so.'

' 'Hyd'l'bug's 'good bisness; do it up in 'couple of awhrs.'

' 'Gaw'ng to Italy?' chimes in the camel's hair whiskers.

' 'No,' (decidedly no.)

' 'Gaw'ng to Sowth 'f Fwance?'

' 'Probably.'

' 'Wal, if 'r not gaw'n t' Italy, and you'r gaw'n to South 'f Fwance—gaw'n to Nim?'

' 'To Nismes? what for?'

' 'F yawr not gaw'n to Rhawm, it's good bisness to go to Nim—they've got a ring thar.'

'A ring?'
 'Yas, 'ont ye knaw?'
 'A ring?'
 'Yas—saim's they got at Rhawm; good bisness that—do it up in two hawrs; early Christians, y' knaw, and wild beasts!'
 'Oh! you mean the Roman amphitheatre at Nismes—a sort of miniature Coliseum.'
 'Yaas, Col's'm.'
 'No, Sir, I am not going to Nismes'—another look at Ehrenbreitstein and its shattered wall.
 'Never be'n up th' Rhine before,' quoth whiskers.
 'No;' we are approaching the banks of the 'Blue Moselle.'
 'Eh'nbreitstine's good bisness, and that sort o' thing; do't in about two hawrs!'
 'I do not intend to stop at Ehrenbreitsein, and therefore intend to make the best use of my time to see the general features of the fortress from the river.'
 'Aw—then y'd better stop at Coblanz, and go t' Wisbad'n, by th' road.'
 'What for?'
 'Why, the Rhine, you know, 's a tiresome bisness, and by goin' to Wisbawd'n from Coblanz, by land, you escape all that sort aw-thing.'
 'But I do not wish to escape all this sort of thing—I want to see the Rhine.'
 'Aw!—with some expression of surprise. 'Going to Switz'land?'
 'Yes.'
 'Y' got *Moy* for Switz'land?'
 'Moy? I beg your pardon.'
 'Yes, Moy—Moy; got Moy for Switz'land?'
 'Moy—do you mean money? I hope so.'
 'Ged Gad, Sir, no! I say Moy.'
 'Upon my word, I *do not* comprehend you.'
 'Moy, Sir, Moy!' rapping vehemently on the red cover of my guide-book that lay upon the table. 'I say Moy for Switz'land.'
 'Oh! you mean *Murray*.'
 'Certainly, Sir; did n't I say Moy?''

Pronounce as spelled, and appreciate accordingly. - - - 'I WAS once walking out,' writes a friend, 'with a young man, not very strong in the head, who was a most extravagant admirer of BYRON. On our way, a black thunder-storm suddenly gathered, and the heavens put on a brilliant, changeable brunette air in general, with special darkness in the west. My friend drank in the beauties of the scene; was for a long time too intent to say any thing; but at last broke forth as he gazed full at the west: 'Ah! that is BYRONIC!' - - - The length of certain of the 'Original Papers,' and the number and size of the illustrative engravings, in the present issue, have so crowded upon this department, that a long number of our 'Narrative-History,' although partly in type, must 'bide its time' until our next, if we would preserve for this division of the Magazine its necessary and accustomed variety. - - - 'The Albion' weekly journal, whose favorable criticism may always be regarded as well-deserved praise, speaking of Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT's pictures in the Academy of Design for the present year, says: 'Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, over whom we passed curtly last season, is himself once more, we are glad to perceive. His half-dozen or so of contributions, well-drawn, fraught with individuality, and well colored, make an agreeable relief in the long line of charmless 'ladies' and sapless 'gentlemen.' We would especially instance among them his portrait of ex-Governor ENOS T. THROOP.' We think the picture here designated, in naturalness of color and position, to be one among the very best which ever came from Mr. ELLIOTT's facile pencil.

Recent American Publications.

The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal. A new Translation; with Historical Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Thomas M'Crie. Preceded by a Life of Pascal, a Critical Essay, and a Biographical Notice. Edited by O. W. Wight, A.M., 12mo: pp. 470. Derby and Jackson. \$1.25.

The Greek Testament: with a critically revised Text: a Digest of Various Readings: Marginal References to verbal and idiomatic usage: Prologomena: and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. By Henry Alford, B.D., Vol. I., containing the Four Gospels. 8vo: pp. 944. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

Plutarch's Lives. The translation called Dryden's, corrected and revised from the Greek, by A. H. Clough, sometime fellow and tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, and Professor of the English Language and Literature, at University College, London. 5 vols. 8vo: pp. 414, 422, 452, 570, 618. Little, Brown and Company. \$10.

Our Press-Gang, or a Complete Exposition of the Corruptions and Crimes of the American Newspapers. By Lambert A. Wilmer, (ex-editor) author of 'The Life, Travels, and Adventures of Ferdinand De Soto,' 'The Quacks of Helicon: a Satire,' etc. 12mo: pp. 394. J. T. Lloyd. \$1.

Webster. An American Dictionary of the English Language. New edition, with Pictorial Illustrations, and Appendix. 4vo. G. and C. Merriam. \$6.50.

The Cavalier. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Richelieu,' 'Lord Montagu's Page.' 12mo: pp. 391. T. B. Peterson and Brothers. \$1.25.

The Bertrams: a Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of 'Doctor Thorne.' 12mo: pp. 528. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

History of Charles XII., by M. De Voltaire; with a Life of Voltaire, by Lord Brougham, and Critical Notices, by Lord Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle. Edited by O. W. Wight, A.M. 12mo: pp. 452. Derby and Jackson. \$1.25.

The Two Paths: being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. Delivered in 1853-'9, by John Ruskin, M.A., author of 'Modern Painters,' 'Stones of Venice,' 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' 'Elements of Drawing,' etc. With Plate and Cuts. 12mo: pp. 217. John Wiley. \$1.

Tin Trumpet (The), or Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. A new American edition, with alterations and additions. 12mo: pp. 262. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.25.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vol. 3, 8vo: pp. 578. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Wyandotté, or the Huttet Knoll: a Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings, by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo: pp. 523. W. A. Townsend and Company. \$1.75.

Seacliff, or the Mystery of the Westervelts. By J. W. De Forest, author of 'Oriental Acquaintance,' 'European Acquaintance,' etc. 12mo: pp. 436. Phillips, Sampson and Company. \$1.25.

Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters. By Mrs. Jameson, author of Characteristics of Women,' etc. From the tenth English edition, Blue and gold: pp. 352. Ticknor and Fields. \$0.75.

Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. Second edition, greatly enlarged: 8vo. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.25.

Hewett's Encyclopædia of American Banking Currency: an Infallible Detector of Spurious, Altered, and Counterfeit Money, by Photo-Lithographic Fac-Similes in miniature of every Genuine Bank-note in the United States and the Canadas. New-York: Wm. Cousland and Company.

John Halifax, Gentleman. By the author of 'Olive,' 'The Ogilvies,' 'Agatha's Husband,' 'Avillon,' 'The Head of the Family,' 'A Hero,' etc., etc. Library Edition. With four Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, Esq. 12mo: pp. 485. Harper and Brothers. \$1.